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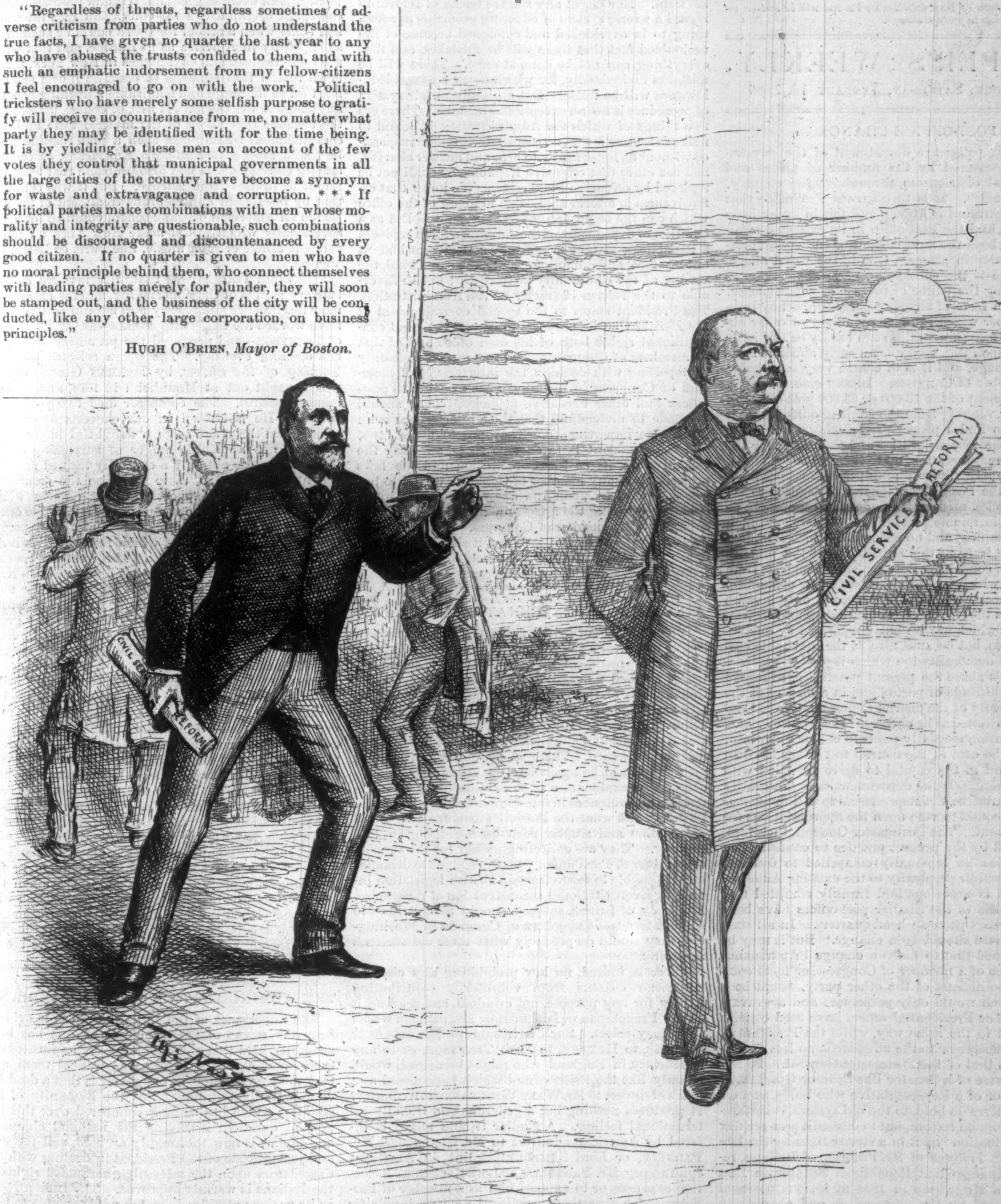
MAYOR'S MESSAGE.

"Regardless of threats, regardless sometimes of adverse criticism from parties who do not understand the true facts, I have given no quarter the last year to any who have abused the trusts confided to them, and with such an emphatic indorsement from my fellow-citizens I feel encouraged to go on with the work. Political tricksters who have merely some selfish purpose to gratify will receive no countenance from me, no matter what party they may be identified with for the time being. It is by yielding to these men on account of the few votes they control that municipal governments in all the large cities of the country have become a synonym for waste and extravagance and corruption. * * * If political parties make combinations with men whose morality and integrity are questionable, such combinations should be discouraged and discountenanced by every good citizen. If no quarter is given to men who have no moral principle behind them, who connect themselves with leading parties merely for plunder, they will soon be stamped out, and the business of the city will be conducted, like any other large corporation, on business principles."

HUGH O'BRIEN, *Mayor of Boston.*



A GOOD SPIRIT TO FOLLOW,

AND IT WILL STOP WHAT IS ROTTEN IN OUR STATES.

"HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE seems likely to prove as formidable a rival to our boys' journal as the well-known Monthly is to our magazines."—*Land and Water, London.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

The current number, dated January 12, is an unusually interesting and attractive one. The opening chapters of the new serial by MRS. LILLIE, *announced in this column last week, are illustrated by a front-page engraving after a drawing by* W. T. SMEDLEY. *The same artist also contributes a full-page illustration of the*

NEW YORK ATHLETIC CLUB,

accompanying which is an article by ROBERT BRIDGES, *entitled "A Model Gymnasium, and what can be done without it."*

"Tom Fairweather at Pulo-Penang and Singapore," by LIEUTENANT E. W. STURDY, U.S.N.; *"Tommy the Cow-Boy,"* by R. K. MUNKITTRICK; *and "Señor Giacomelli's Performing Birds,"* by HENRY HATTON, *the well-known magician, are among the other literary contents of the number.*

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 16, 1886.

POST-OFFICE CHANGES.

THE great patronage department of the government, measured by the number of places and their general distribution throughout the country, is the Post-office. It is through the Post-office that the Administration is known and felt in every little community, and the Post-office in its extended ramification has been the most efficient political organization of a party in power. One of the worst abuses of patronage is the subsidizing of local newspapers by appointing the editor or proprietor a postmaster. This is but a form of securing party support by bribery. A paper which is under pecuniary or other obligation to an Administration can hardly be fair in its comments upon it. This was an early abuse of Post-office patronage, and it is of course very serviceable to the member of Congress. In any case, however, the management of the 52,000 or 53,000 post-offices of every grade, ranging from the frontier office where it is difficult to find a proper person who is willing to undertake the responsibilities and the duties for the inadequate remuneration, up to the great city offices, is an extremely difficult and perplexing problem. Every day the Postmaster-General is required to act upon vacancies arising from death, resignation, or other cause in remote parts of the country, of which he knows nothing, and no resident of which is known to him. It is from this situation that the practice has arisen of consulting the member of Congress from the district which includes the particular post-office. This is a most pernicious practice, not only because it confounds the two spheres of executive and legislative action, which are jealously separated by our political system, but because, also, of the inevitable corruption and demoralization which it produces.

Under this abuse the present practice is to regard the great multitude of post-offices in a district as the virtual property of the district Representative in Congress, to be allotted as he chooses. It is a power which the Constitution carefully omits to confer upon him, and which he uses in the district to further his own purposes, and at the capital to drive bargains with the department. If the department does not gratify the Representative, the Representative will remember it when he comes to vote upon the appropriations for the department. The Postmaster-General, therefore, is compelled by the present practice to consult those whose advice he is equally compelled to distrust. This is a peculiar perplexity to the existing Administration. It is notorious and frankly admitted that great numbers of the smaller post-offices have been for many years partisan head-quarters. In all such instances there should be a change. But it may be fairly assumed that to make a change in pursuance of the advice of a member of Congress, or local committee, or politicians of the other party, would be a change which would only perpetuate and aggravate the evil. The Presidential offices have been equally abused, and in the same way, while the Presidential choice of a successor to the offender is no less embarrassed than that of the Postmaster-General. To follow the advice of a Senator like Senator GORMAN, of Maryland, or of a Representative who holds, as most Representatives do hold, to the old system, is certainly not to promote reform, but to discredit and perplex it. This situation is put in a strong light by the late letter in the *Tribune* of Mr. FOULKE, of Indiana, recently an Independent Republican Senator in that State, and a Mugwump in 1884 at serious personal cost. Aroused by the suspensions and changes in post-offices in his State, he wrote to 193 suspended officers in Indiana and to 102 elsewhere, and received 159 replies. There were some resignations and expirations of terms, but 136 of his correspondents gave him the information that he sought. In all but two cases the suspension had been summary, without statement of cause, or opportunity to hear or refute charges. The closest inquiry revealed generally the fact that the displacement had been effected by secret machinations, of which the member of Congress was often or usually the agent. In very many cases, if not generally, the successors were strong partisans of the other party.

Such changes, of course, and such methods of effecting them, are not in accordance with the principle of regarding public office as a public trust, and they are fatal to reform. No officer should be suspended or removed for offensive partisanship upon the mere secret assertion of other interested offensive partisans. Mr. FOULKE reports the President as saying that it is impracticable to inform postmasters of the charges upon which they are suspended. The President must have been misapprehended, because he would not say that it is impracticable to do justice. The difficulties in all such cases are undoubtedly great, but that is not a reason for violation of the fundamental principle that a good officer shall not be displaced during his term. Nor ought any sincere friend of reform to regard a wrong system of effecting removals as something to be overlooked and condoned because of the undoubted fact that there will be mistakes, and that everything can not be done at once. There will be mistakes undoubtedly, for which every reasonable allowance will be made. But a plainly unfair system of procedure is not an exceptional mistake. There are two things of which the Administration is bound to make sure: one is that no postmaster shall be suspended without an opportunity to hear and answer charges, and the other that offensive Republicans shall not be replaced by offensive Democrats. We know that offensiveness is a term applicable to abuse of the office which can not be proved but by experience. But as a question of expediency, if the Administration replaces a Republican blatant in office by a Democrat blatant out of office, and a man of exactly the same kind, the verdict of the community affected will not be favorable to the reform character of the Administration. The President states to the special correspondent of the *Herald* that he proposes to respect the great constitutional rights both of his own office and of that of members of Congress. But this can be done only by repelling with decision the interference of members of Congress in dictating appointments to post-offices and other executive agencies. They should be made to understand that their interference is an intolerable impertinence. They are to make laws, and the President is to execute them, selecting the executive agents as the Constitution and the laws prescribe. If any member of Congress wishes to test public sentiment upon the question, let him introduce a bill giving the appointment of postmasters in a district to its member of Congress. Yet that is the present practice without law, and it should be forbidden. The principle of Senator HAMPTON'S bill is perfectly sound.

A NOVELTY IN INTERNATIONAL COMITY.

IF a great body of British subjects should organize a league to collect a fund to pay the expenses of a large number of members of Congress in Washington whose avowed purpose was a radical change in the Constitution of this country and of the internal relations of the Union, there would be "a state of things" in a general uproar about wicked British gold and a vehement denunciation of British insolence and impertinence. There is no doubt that strong pressure would be applied to the Administration to demand an explanation of so extraordinary an interference of foreigners in our domestic affairs. This is, however, just what the Parnell Parliamentary Fund Association and similar societies are doing in this country. They are collecting money for the support of members of Parliament who are pledged to demand, and if possible to secure, certain British legislation involving a constitutional reconstruction of the empire. If a body of British subjects should raise a fund to support free-trade members of Congress at Washington, they would do precisely what these aid societies are doing.

There is, indeed, no law prohibiting any class of American citizens from voluntarily contributing money for any purpose, not criminal, and sending it to any Frenchman or Irishman or Englishman whom they may select. Such a tribute to Mr. HERBERT SPENCER, to HUXLEY, to Lord TENNYSON, or to any beneficiary in England who might be named, would be only like the British fund which is proposed as a mark of respect to Mr. WALT WHITMAN in this country. It produces nothing but a generous and friendly international feeling. A similar tribute might be offered by American admirers to Mr. GLADSTONE, Mr. PARNELL, or Lord SALISBURY. But an American fund to pay Mr. PARNELL'S or Lord SALISBURY'S election expenses, or to support him as a member of Parliament for a particular political purpose involving the integrity of the empire, and among the subscribers to which, or its public supporters, should be an ex-President and the present Governor of New York, although not forbidden by the law, would not be a movement which savored of comity toward England, and it would be sure to be resented by public feeling in that country. It is very unfortunate that this country should be made by any class of citizens the pecuniary base of political movements in another, and it is a gross abuse of the spirit and purpose of our laws that any one should seek naturalization here in order to take part with greater impunity in political conflicts elsewhere.

It can hardly give moral weight to the position of a member of Parliament that he is known to have been imposed as a candidate upon his constituency by a committee or a dictator, and to be supported in his position as a member by the money of citizens of another country. It is a position which would not satisfy the self-respect of many poor men quite worthy to be members of Parliament, and the movement is one which deserves attention as an anomaly in international relations.

THE AMERICAN OPERA.

THE opening night of the American opera in New York was an event of great interest and promise. The enterprise originated in the conviction that the time had come when a school for opera could be sustained as hopefully in America as in Europe, and that with the opportunities and advantages in New York, there is no reason that students of operatic music should not find as thorough and admirable a training here as anywhere in the world. It was, of course, taken into the account that much of the musical taste and accomplishment which make such a plan feasible is to be found among foreign-born Americans, especially among Germans. It was also probable that teachers might be invited from Europe. But it was believed that by intelligent and vigorous treatment of the situation an American operatic school could be founded successfully which would make New York an independent centre of such music, like Paris or Berlin or Vienna.

THEODORE THOMAS was naturally invoked as the tutelary genius of the undertaking, and his extraordinary intelligence and energy and administrative skill have worked the chaos into cosmos—as CARLYLE said of TENNYSON—and produced the promising result of the opening evening. The opera selected was the *Taming of the Shrew*, by HERMAN GOETZ, which was brought out at Mannheim in 1874, and was at once successful. The composer died two years afterward. He is known in our concerts by a symphony, and the opera made a delightful impression. If there was no single singer of surpassing excellence, there was not only a carefully trained and excellent company, but there was also the assurance of adequate local support of great singers when they appear, and in the mean time of admirable operatic performances. This, as the *Times* well points out, is the precise point at which foreign cities have hitherto surpassed New York. The great singers can always be procured. But, as has been proved in New York, they can not always be supported. The new school not only secures this result, which is indispensable to good opera, but it furnishes for the great singers, when they are born in this country, the complete education which they require, and every external condition of success.

The spectacle of the opening night was very brilliant, and the good feeling unmistakable. If the beginning is favored by fashion, and if fashion is proverbially fickle, and if mere national feeling and pride can not sustain such an enterprise permanently, it is to be remembered that it is not upon such supports that the American opera relies. Its dependence is precisely that of IRVING'S drama, thoroughness in every circumstance and detail. The same attention to careful preparation and presentation which, without a single remarkable actor, made the *Merchant of Venice* by Mr. IRVING'S company a memorable and constantly attractive performance, will secure public favor for the American opera. It is an enterprise upon the fair prospect of which the ladies and gentlemen who have undertaken it are to be warmly congratulated, and which bids fair to be another of those happy events in our musical progress for which we are so greatly indebted to THEODORE THOMAS.

THE ADMINISTRATION AND THE INDIANS.

THE importance of the Indian question is evident from the report of Secretary LAMAR. It has been generally held that the Indians must be hustled off their lands as fast as white men wanted them, and that the true key-note of our policy is that a dead Indian is the best Indian. But the humanity of the country, which has so long slumbered over this important question, involving the national character and honor, is now thoroughly aroused, and the firm and just attitude of the President in dealing with the depredators upon the solemnly guaranteed rights of the Indians is warmly approved. The Indian Ring, in its various ramifications, has not been able to confuse or mislead him, and there is a bright prospect that a policy worthy of the nation will be laid down and enforced by his Administration.

Secretary LAMAR says distinctly that the practice of moving the Indians farther away is possible no longer. All the reservations are surrounded by civilization, so called, and the Secretary says of the Indian: "He must make his final stand for existence

where he is now. Unless he can adapt himself to the necessities of these new conditions, his extinction will be sure and swift." The condition of such adaptation is separation from the demoralization of the whites, and regard for the actual condition of the tribes. They are in widely different stages of civilization, and no single system can be applied to them indiscriminately and at the same time. General SHERIDAN admits that his scheme of allotting a tract of 320 acres to each Indian family, and selling the rest of the reservations at $1 25 per acre, and investing the proceeds to furnish a fund for support of the Indians, can be "most advantageously applied gradually." But the government is bound to regard the Indians as wards, and even to defend them against themselves. It is not enough that their consent should be the condition of depriving them of their lands. The history of the country is full of instruction as to the methods of obtaining that consent. Secretary LAMAR'S remark is sagacious and timely. "Keeping the Indian reservations from the settlements of white men is a policy which, in my opinion, should be more rigidly enforced."

The bill introduced by Senator VAN WYCK, of Nebraska, proposes a Territorial government over the whole Indian Territory, and, as it says, without impairing the rights of the Indians to open certain parts of the lands to settlement. But it is impossible to do this without injuring the rights and preventing the civilization of the Indians. They are powerless against the United States. They have no possible hope but in the national honor. The nation practically holds their lands in trust for the Indians themselves. Their sole chance against extermination lies in adapting themselves to civilization, and this must be done under the sympathetic care of the United States and upon the lands where they are settled. This seems to be plainly perceived by the Administration, and its wise treatment of the question would be another strong title to the respect and confidence of all good citizens.

THE HARRIS COLLECTION OF POETRY.

THE Rev. J. C. STOCKBRIDGE is engaged in the interesting work of cataloguing the gift of the late Senator ANTHONY, of Rhode Island, to the library of his *alma mater*, Brown University. This gift comprises the well-known Harris Collection of American Poetry, which takes its name from Mr. CALEB HARRIS, of Providence, who largely increased it, but which was begun by ALBERT G. GREENE, and completed to the time of his death by Senator ANTHONY, and which now comprises between five and six thousand different "titles."

Mr. GREENE, who died a few years since in Cleveland, was for many years one of the chief—perhaps the chief—representative of purely literary interests in Providence. He was Municipal Judge, and diligent in his office, but he was also a bibliophile and a man of much literary accomplishment, with a charming gift of versification. The only copy of his verses which is sure of a long date, however, is "Old Grimes is dead, that good old man"—a happy echo of GOLDSMITH'S "Madame Blaize." Mr. GREENE'S library was noted for its treasures of American poetry, and reached the number of nearly twenty thousand volumes before his death. Mr. GOWANS in New York and other collectors in the country reserved for it every fresh "find" in the special character of the library.

When this library was sold, Mr. FISKE bought such part of the American poetry as, with similar tastes and ample means, he had not already procured, and at his death, upon the sale of his books, this portion was secured by Senator ANTHONY, who gave it to the college. Mr. STOCKBRIDGE contemplates what may be called an instructive catalogue, with such notes and remarks as may reveal its character and scope, making, in fact, a curious and valuable survey of that branch of American literature. A limited number only will be issued, and the list of subscribers is nearly full. The work can not fail to be a very curious and interesting addition to our literature.

NEWSPAPER LYING.

THE President's letter to Mr. KEPPLER, of *Puck*, has naturally excited a great deal of attention, and has been described as a general denunciation of the press. But that is a gross misrepresentation. The letter is a strong expression of disgust from a strong man who knows by experience how much "newspaper lying" there is. We differ from the President, who thinks that it was never "more general and mean" than it is now. It was much more so in regard to him, for instance, in 1884 than it was in 1885.

There is no doubt, however, that upon all political subjects, which occupy so large a space in newspapers, the party organs upon both sides are much more anxious to produce a party effect in discussing the news than to ascertain the truth. The active presumption in every Republican newspaper editorial room is that the Democrats are something incarnate, and *vicè versa*. The party organ on either side does not wish to praise its political opponent or the acts of an administration of the other party; for why, then, should it urge that both be turned out upon the general ground that everybody and everything outside of its own party pale is hypocritical, treacherous, and dangerous to the common welfare?

The President's vigorous and uncompromising statement of a feeling which is very general shows indirectly how the press abandons its true function in wearing a mere party yoke. Every public officer should be able to feel that the criticisms of the press are honest, and made in the interest of the public. But it is plain that the comments of a press of either party which a public man sees to be generally false and mean can have no influence with him. It is in vain to try to make President CLEVELAND'S letter appear to be a general diatribe against the press. He says that newspaper lying was never more general. But to qualify that remark as too strong a generalization is not to deny that there is immense newspaper lying.

THE ALBANY "EXPRESS."

MR. S. N. D. NORTH is announced as the editor and part proprietor of the Albany *Express*, a journal which, under the editorial control of Mr. CHARLES E. SMITH, subsequently of the *Evening Journal*, and now of the Philadelphia *Press*, became one of the able and important papers of the State. Mr. NORTH is an accomplished and experienced journalist and a shrewd student of public affairs, who has been long the chief assistant of Mr. ELLIS H. ROBERTS in the conduct of the Utica *Herald*, and he is signally qualified for his new post. The *Express* will be a Republican journal, but, we presume, an advocate of Republican principles rather than a mere party organ pledged to uphold and defend whatever is done in the name of Republicanism. Such a paper must sometimes become the severest censor of party action, and it can be of the highest service in a political capital like Albany.

THE MAYORS' MESSAGES.

THE opening of the political year brings many messages of Governors and Mayors, and the most striking fact in all of them is the evident change of public opinion which they reflect in regard to the just limits of party administration. Mayor LOW'S four years' service in Brooklyn marks a memorable epoch, for it has demonstrated that municipal government may be kept free from party to the great advantage of the community. His successor, Mayor WHITNEY, although elected as a Democrat, evidently feels that his administration must follow in the line traced by Mayor LOW'S, or that he will suffer by the contrast.

In Boston, the similar firm and sensible independent course of Mayor O'BRIEN, an Irishman, a Roman Catholic, and a Democrat, has been so satisfactory to the people that he was re-elected by an unusually large majority, including a considerable Republican vote.

He says in his Message:

> "Political tricksters who have merely some selfish purpose to gratify will receive no countenance from me, no matter what party they may be identified with for the time being. It is by yielding to these men on account of the few votes they control that municipal governments in all the large cities of the country have become a synonym for waste and extravagance and corruption. This is strong language, but I know that every word of it is true."

And he adds:

> "If political parties put unscrupulous men to the front, they ought to be voted down. If political parties make combinations with men whose morality and integrity are questionable, such combinations should be discouraged and discountenanced by every good citizen. If no quarter is given to men who have no moral principle behind them, who connect themselves with leading parties merely for plunder, they will soon be stamped out, and the business of the city will be conducted, like any other large corporation, on business principles."

Mayor GRACE'S message in New York, in the same spirit, highly commends the reformed system of appointment in the municipal service, which he has faithfully enforced. Upon this point the three Mayors, Mr. LOW, who retires, and Mr. O'BRIEN and Mr. GRACE, all of whom speak from experience, are unanimous, and they will be hardly ridiculed as sentimentalists, or political Pharisees and purists. Their remarks leave the unhappy defenders of the theory that the public service is properly the spoils of a party in a still more forlorn position.

GOVERNOR HILL'S MESSAGE.

THE Message of Governor HILL contains much information about State affairs, many recommendations, and many fine sentiments. The Governor favors the separation of municipal and State elections, and also of the Police Department and the Bureau of Elections. He recommends the abolition of useless municipal offices, and the reduction of salaries. He would have a special commission to prepare a new charter providing for home rule and the election of many local officers who are now appointed. The Governor criticises the course of the Superintendent of State-prisons in having regard only to pecuniary considerations in his arrangement of labor, and urges a settled policy providing for the diversification of trades so as not to compete with outside labor, and for the sale of products at ruling outside prices only. But he does not recommend any policy, and his reflections are unjust upon the Superintendent, whose report is a very valuable contribution toward a sound prison-labor policy.

Governor HILL renews the recommendation of the abolition of the Board of Regents of the University, and the transfer of their functions to the Department of Public Instruction; also of the State boards of Charities and of Health, and the Commission on the State Survey, their respective duties to be vested in a Commissioner of Charities, a Health Commissioner, and the State Engineer and Surveyor—propositions of which we shall have something to say hereafter.

But what must have been the dismay of the "Jeffersonians" upon reading the excellent sentiments of Governor HILL in regard to civil service reform! The Governor's remark that "the undue thirst for office and the unrestrained power of distributing patronage are the most potent factors in the oppression of the people and the overthrow of popular liberty"—a sentence worthy of the Reform League—must have been astounding and inexplicable to the true Jeffersonian, until he probably detected a solemn wink in the Gubernatorial eye, as the Governor suggests that "a sufficient number of names of eligible persons—*possibly the entire list*—should be certified to an appointing officer to afford a reasonable discretion in selection." We do not know a single shrewd opponent of the reformed system who is not of the same opinion. Let the change be made, and reform receives its death-blow. It is evident that Governor HILL'S fine sentiments must be read carefully to the end, and considered in the light of the views of his most ardent supporters, Mr. BURKE COCHRAN and the other sages of Tammany Hall.

PERSONAL.

THE first Ladies' Reception of the Fencers' Club last winter brought together a distinguished representation of fashionable society, and was in general so successful that the club has determined to hold another one on the 23d of January, from 4 to 6 o'clock P.M. All fencers believe that the practice of their art is an excellent exercise for young ladies, not less than for men, and Captain HIPPOLYTE NICOLAS, the instructor at the club, is an enthusiastic promulgator of this doctrine. He teaches the art of fencing after simple and natural methods, believing with MOLIÈRE that it consists in "touching and not being touched." The reception will be under the auspices of the Executive Committee, consisting of Messrs. HENRY CHAUNCEY, Jun., J. COLEMAN DRAYTON, AMORY S. CARHART, M. M. HOWLAND, CHARLES DE KAY, J. MURRAY MITCHELL, KARRICK RIGGS, GEORGE L. RIVES, and S. MONTGOMERY ROOSEVELT.

—Mr. PHILIP B. PERRY, an American, has written a symphonic march, which he has dedicated to Herr WILHELM JAHN, Director of the Vienna Royal Opera, and a "Theodora Mazurka," which he has inscribed to the German actress CHARLOTTE FROHN. The Vienna *Extrablatt* says: "These beautiful compositions, so rich in melody, bespeak for this talented composer a very brilliant future."

—Ex-Mayor LOW, who is a graduate and honor man of Columbia College, has been exerting himself in behalf of the library of that institution. At his suggestion Mr. A. A. LOW, his father, has given $5000 for that purpose. Mr. LOW, now in his seventy-fifth year and in excellent health, has contributed very liberally to the library of Salem, Massachusetts, his native place; and one of his personal friends said recently that there is not a charitable institution of note in the city of Brooklyn which has not been the object of his generosity. The new hospital which he is now erecting in that city in memory of his deceased daughter will cost over $40,000. Mr. LOW is not in the habit of speaking of his charities, and even his business partners do not know of them, except through the newspapers.

—A recent writer notices the fact that although the present century has been, *par excellence*, the century of science, yet it has given birth to the marvellous imaginations of SCOTT, BYRON, KEATS, SHELLEY, CARLYLE, TENNYSON, BROWNING, ARNOLD, LEOPARDI, VICTOR HUGO, TOURGUÉNEFF, and HEINE, which shows, he thinks, that whatever may be the disenchantment of science, it covers too small a field to beat back the imagination of man.

—Mr. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL has been elected an honorary member of the Authors' Club, and Mr. THEODORE ROOSEVELT and Mr. WILL CARLETON have also been added to the membership.

—Some of the brightest letters written to the daily press are those signed by Mrs. CUSTER, in the Chicago *Tribune*. They are bright as a bright woman's conversation, full of color and detail, breezy and stimulating. Mrs. CUSTER first became known as a writer by her delightful volume *Boots and Saddles*, which has charmed many thousands of readers on both sides of the Atlantic.

—The *Mikado* at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, now in its twenty-first week, causes admiration, among other things, for the delicacy and softness of the hues of the dresses worn by the chorus girls, the effect being almost as delicious as that of the faint blues and greens seen sometimes in our winter sky at sunset. It is noticeable that when singing the song about "the merry madrigal," Pooh-Bah pronounces the word "madrigaul," but Yum-Yum, who is an American, says "madrigăl." Her poses during the song "The flowers that bloom in the spring" are extremely noticeable for their ease, variety, and beauty. Miss GERALDINE ULMAR is Yum-Yum.

—Mr. RUSKIN having recently declared that MARIA EDGEWORTH'S novels contained more essential truth about Ireland than can be learned from any other sources whatsoever, the librarians of our circulating libraries expect to do considerable extra work in supplying the demand that is now sure to arise for those books. Such statements from such a source always impose extra duty upon the librarians, though not quite so much as does a noted author's death.

—The Grolier Club, having held an exhibition of the various processes used in reproducing paintings, have followed up the matter by an exhibition of modern wood-engravings, with an address by Mr. ELBRIDGE KINGSLEY, the wood-engraver, who does not believe that the present rapid advance in the development of these mechanical processes will injure the future of wood-engraving, which to-day takes such high rank as a fine art.

—Mr. ENOCH PRATT, of Baltimore, has recently seen the successful opening of the great library which he founded in that city. He tells his friends that he preferred to give the money during his lifetime in order that he might be sure it was used exactly in accordance with his desires. Baltimore is justly proud of this new charity.

—During the late cold snap a New-Yorker who spent the winter of 1877 in New Orleans recalled with pleasure the floral district of that city, where he resided, especially the rose beds, with their borders of English violets, in front of the house, and the orange-trees, whose fruit he could reach out of his window. The family with which he was living had suffered much during the war, and the head of it used to declare that he once was compelled to walk 140 miles in order to buy some jean for trousers for himself, and some calico for a gown for his wife.

—The five-hundredth performance of *Adonis* at the Bijou Theatre, in New York, was given last Thursday. The event coincided within a day with the actor's thirtieth birthday. The double event was celebrated by a breakfast given to Mr. DIXEY at Delmonico's by a party of friends, by a special and very crowded performance of *Adonis*, and by a Dixey Ball at the Metropolitan Opera-house. The performance of *Adonis* was signalized by the irruption upon the stage of well-known actors from other theatres in costume.

—The people of New York and Brooklyn owe to Postmaster PEARSON another obligation in the publication of the weekly *Official Postal Guide* for those two cities, which is published under his supervision. The first number of the new Guide has just appeared, and is in every way creditable to the Post-office. In addition to all the general postal information that is needed by business men, it contains local and current intelligence concerning the mails that is equally important to the communities for which it is published, and that has not heretofore been readily accessible.

—So many persons seem inclined to blow out the gas when they are going to bed that the effect of such a course upon the physical system can not be absolutely devoid of interest. Physicians say that ordinary illuminating gas contains a good deal of carbon-oxygen, a deadly poison, which drives out the oxygen of the blood, and makes the current dark and sluggish. The treatment is usually to bleed the patient, and then to whip up the blood which has been taken from him. This process puts oxygen into it, and it is then returned to the body by transfusion, the object being to replace the oxygen which has been driven out. Another method is to transfuse a simple saline solution, which serves the purpose of giving the needed volume to the blood. Miss NICOLSON, who recently blew out the gas in her room at a New York hotel, was required to inhale pure oxygen from a calcium-light cylinder, to the extent of about seven hundred and fifty gallons in twenty-four hours. She used a large rubber bag, which was filled repeatedly from the cylinder, almost as soon as emptied. She became better from the moment that she began to inhale this pure oxygen, although when brought to the hospital she had a leaden complexion, a swollen larynx, and incipient pneumonia, and was unconscious besides.

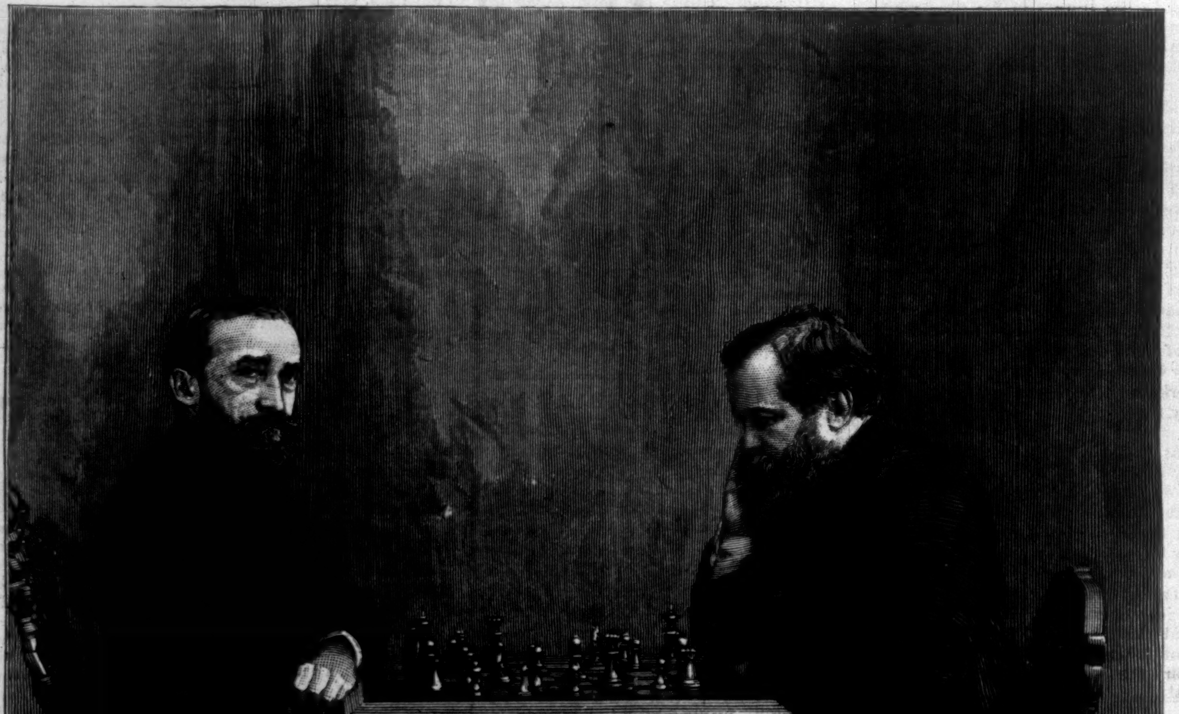
JAMES W. HUSTED, SPEAKER OF THE NEW YORK ASSEMBLY.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY NOTMAN, ALBANY.

EDMUND L. PITTS, PRESIDENT *PRO TEM.* OF THE NEW YORK SENATE.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY NOTMAN, ALBANY.

SPEAKER HUSTED.

JAMES WILLIAM HUSTED, who has just been elected Speaker by the Republicans of the New York Assembly, is entering upon his fourth term in that office. His career, especially as a politician, has been a very remarkable one. He was born in the county of Westchester, in this State, on October 13, 1833, of French and German ancestry. He was graduated at Yale in 1854, was admitted to the bar in 1857, and derived his first earnings partly as a school-teacher and partly as a lawyer. He has been Superintendent of Schools, School Commissioner, Deputy Superintendent of the Insurance Department, Harbor Master, Deputy Captain of the Port of New York, Judge Advocate of the Seventh Brigade of the State Militia, and is now a Major-General of the Fifth Division of the National Guard of the State. In Freemasonry he wears the jewel of the Thirty-third Degree.

General HUSTED—for so he is generally called—has been sixteen times elected to the New York Assembly. Fourteen times he represented his home district, but twice he was returned from Rockland County, on the opposite side of the Hudson. This is considered an astonishing political achievement, since in this country legislators are sent only from the counties they live in; but General HUSTED had announced that he would stand out of the way of aspiring young men in his own county, and so he boldly crossed the river and stood among strangers. He was made Speaker in 1874, 1876, and 1878. He is noted for his thorough knowledge of parliamentary practice, for astonishing quickness of intellect and of speech, and for his knowledge of the public men and affairs of the State. He excels both as a host and as a *raconteur*.



MR. ZUKERTORT. MR. STEINITZ.
THE MATCH FOR THE CHESS CHAMPIONSHIP.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY SARONY.—[SEE PAGE 39.]

SENATOR PITTS.

SENATOR EDMUND L. PITTS, whom the Republican Senators of the State Legislature honored with an election to the Presidency *pro tem.* of the Senate, was already a conspicuous figure in State politics. Mr. PITTS was born in Yates, in the county of Orleans, on the 23d of May, 1839. His schooling was obtained in the common schools and in the academy at Yates. Although he prepared for college he was prevented from entering it. Having determined to become a lawyer, he had the great good fortune to pursue his studies at Albion, in the office of the late SANFORD E. CHURCH, afterward Chief Justice of the Court of Appeals. Mr. PITTS was admitted to the bar in 1860, the same year in which he cast his first vote. It was cast for ABRAHAM LINCOLN for President, and Mr. PITTS has ever since remained a Republican.

Mr. PITTS was sent to the Assembly in 1864, and returned each year until after 1868. In 1867 he was elected Speaker of that body. He was Assessor of Internal Revenue from 1873 to 1877, and in 1881 and again in 1883 he was elected to the Senate from the Twenty-ninth, or Monroe and Orleans, District. He is distinguished by his eloquence, his readiness and soundness in debate, and by his mastery of the science of parliamentary procedure. He took a leading part in the effort to prevent the return to the Senate of Messrs. CONKLING and PLATT in 1881. In 1882 he made a very notable speech in presenting the name of ALONZO B. CORNELL for Governor in the Republican Convention of that year, and in 1884 was a BLAINE delegate to the Chicago Convention. He has never neglected the practice of the law, and enjoys a wide celebrity and fine income as a lawyer in the central part of the State.

PETER M. ARTHUR.—[See Page 43.]

THE MAYOR OF CASTERBRIDGE.

By THOMAS HARDY,

Author of "A Laodicean," "The Romantic Adventures of a Milkmaid," "Far from the Madding Crowd," etc.

CHAPTER V.—(*Continued.*)

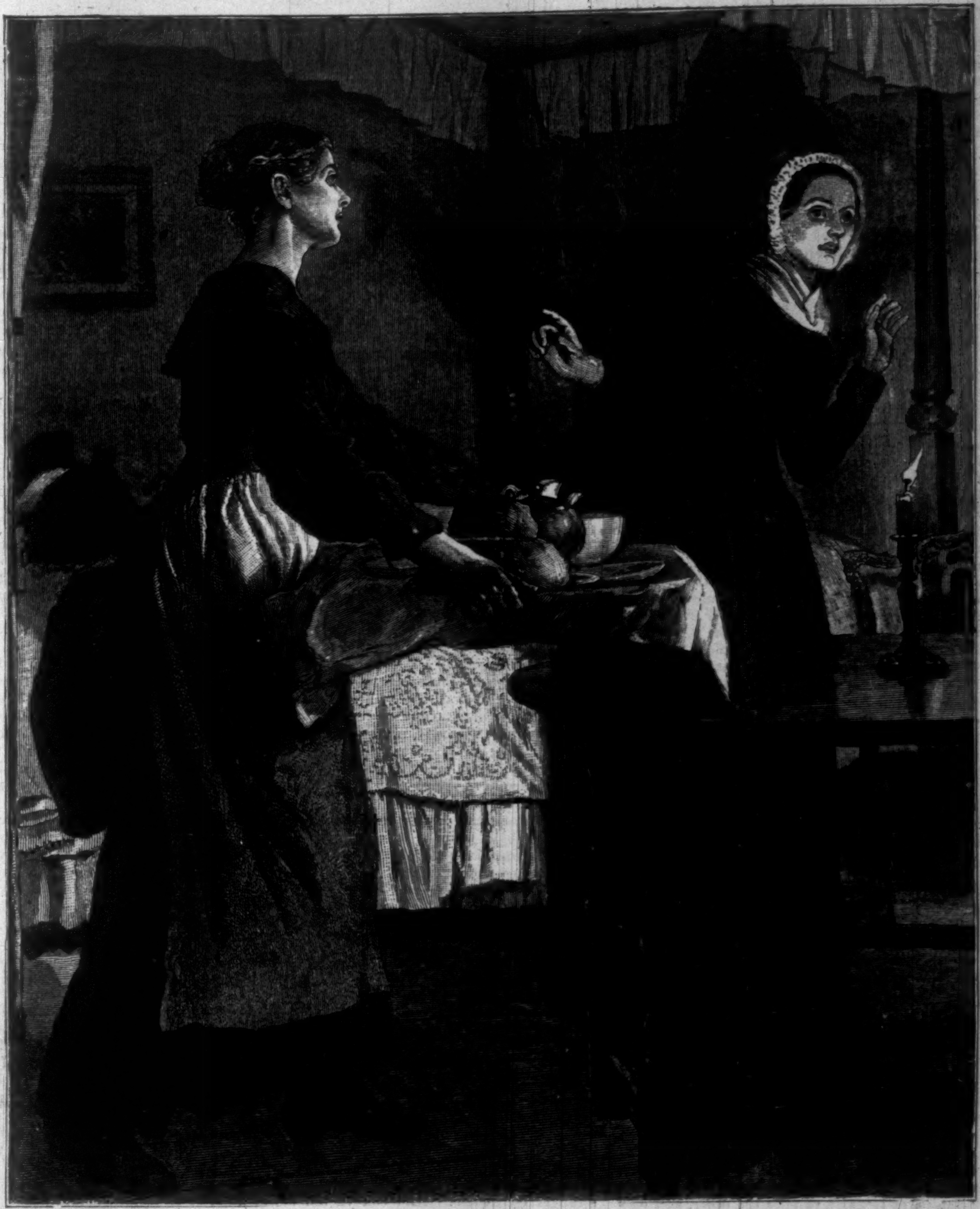
A row of ancient rummers with ground figures on their sides, and each primed with a spoon, was now placed down the table, and these were promptly filled with grog at such high temperature as to raise serious considerations for the gilding exposed to such vapors. But Elizabeth Jane noticed that, though this filling went on with great promptness up and down the table, nobody filled the Mayor's glass, who still drank large quantities of water from the tumbler behind the clump of crystal vessels intended for wine and spirits.

"They don't fill Mr. Henchard's wine-glasses," she ventured to say to her elbow acquaintance, the old man.

"Oh no. Don't ye know him to be the celebrated abstaining worthy of that name? He scorns all tempting liquors; never touches nothing. Oh yes, he've strong qualities that way. I have heard tell that he sware a gospel oath in by-gone times, and has bode by it ever since. So they don't press him, knowing it would be unbecoming in the face of that; for yer gospel oath is a serious thing."

Another elderly man, hearing this discourse, now joined in by inquiring, "How much longer have he got to suffer from it, Solomon Longways?"

"Another two year, they say. I don't know the why and the wherefore of his fixing such a time, for 'a never has told anybody. But 'tis exactly two calendar years longer, they say. A powerful mind to hold out so long!"



"AT ELIZABETH'S ENTRY SHE LIFTED HER FINGER."

"BANKING UP" FOR WINTER IN DAKOTA.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 45.]

"True. ... But there's great strength in hope. Knowing that in four-and-twenty months' time ye'll be out of yer bondage, and able to make up for all you've suffered, by partaking without stint; why, it keeps a man up, no doubt."

"No doubt, Christopher Coney, no doubt. And 'a must need such reflections—a lonely widow-man," said Longways.

"When did he lose his wife?" asked Elizabeth.

"I never knowed her. 'Twas afore he came to Casterbridge," Solomon Longways replied, with terminative emphasis, as if the fact of his ignorance of Mrs. Henchard were sufficient to deprive her history of all interest. "But I know that 'a's a banded teetotaler, and that if any of his men be ever so little overtook by a drop, he's down upon 'em as stern as the Lord upon the jovial Jews."

"Has he many men, then?" said Elizabeth Jane.

"Many? Why, my good maid, he's the powerfulest member of the town council, and quite a principal man in the country round besides. He and Casterbridge bank-folk are sworn brothers; and it's not every man that's hand in glove with a bank. Never a big dealing in wheat, barley, oats, hay, roots, and such like in this county but Henchard's got a hand in it. Ay, and he'll go into other things, too; and that's where he makes his mistake. He worked his way up from nothing when 'a came here; and now he's a pillar of the town. Not but what he's been shook a little to year about this bad corn he has supplied in his contracts. I've seen the sun rise over Casterbridge Moor these nine-and-sixty year, and though Mr. Henchard has never cussed me unfairly, ever since I've worked for 'n, seeing I be but a little small man, and 'tis not my interest to spak against him, I must say that I have never before tasted such rough bread as hev been made from Henchard's wheat lately. 'Tis that growed out that ye could a'most call it malt, and there's a list at bottom o' the loaf as thick as the sole of one's shoe."

The band now struck up another melody, and by the time it was ended the dinner was over, and speeches began to be made. The evening being calm, and the windows still open, these orations could be distinctly heard. Henchard's voice arose above the rest; he was telling a story of his hay-dealing experiences.

"'You may have the rick for eighty pound,' he says to me, 'or you may leave it alone.' 'Seventy-seven pound ten,' says I (rising another fifty shillings, for I wanted the hay). 'No,' says he. 'Very well,' says I. 'But think it over. I'll stand word till my wagons come back along this way at three o'clock, and no longer.' I left him for a time—a bitter cold day 'twas—and who should I meet but George Stalker, and I told him what I was after. 'Why,' says he, 'the rick isn't worth forty pound—'a's tipped with straw to begin wi'—and the heart o'en is as black as the chimley back.' Then I was in a terrible way: I teaved—I stamped up and down. I thought it over, and went back to my man. 'Now, seventy-seven pound ten is fair money,' says I (showing anxious), 'and I stand word to 't as firm as a church till the wagons come back.' 'Eighty,' says he. 'But,' says I, 'can't ye take the other, and let's have done o't? I'm afraid there's going to be a deep snow.' And so earnest-like I kept pricking him up to stand out for his price, looking covetous at the rick, and as if I were loath to let it go, and snow likely to set in. Ah, a trimming frost 'twas that day!—and being a teetotaler I felt it too. Well, by long and by late the wagons loomed in sight, and I shook in my shoes lest this should bring him to say yes. But no—'Eighty pound,' says he; 'that's my figure!' The wagons came abreast. 'Good-afternoon,' says I, hopping up into the nearest, and as soon as we'd moved off I said to my man, 'Now whip up the horses; and if you hear anybody holloa ever so loud, mind you don't turn your head.' He did holloa, and run after; but we didn't stop, not we; and I never felt so happy in my days as I did when I got home that night, clean out of the deal, bad as I wanted hay. Well, three weeks after that, when the snow was over the hedges, and a truss of hay was a'most worth its weight in gold, I found that that villain Georgy Stalker had got the rick for seventy pound, sold it in market for a hundred and twenty, and that there wasn't, as he knew all the time, a finer quality bit o' stuff in the whole county round. Haw-haw-haw!"

Others joined in the laugh, and hilarity was general till a new voice arose with, "This is all very well; but how about the bad bread?"

It came from the lower end of the table, where there sat a group of minor tradesmen who, although part of the company, appeared to be a little below the social level of the others; and who seemed to nourish a certain independence of opinion, and carry on discussions not quite in harmony with those at the head; just as the west end of a church is sometimes persistently found to sing out of time and tune with the leading spirits in the chancel.

This interruption about the bad bread afforded infinite satisfaction to the loungers outside, several of whom were of the class which finds its pleasure in others' discomfiture; and hence they echoed pretty freely: "Hey! How about the bad bread, Mr. Mayor?" Moreover, feeling none of the restraints of those who shared the feast, they could afford to add, "You rather ought to tell the story o' that, sir!"

The interruption was sufficient to compel the Mayor to notice it.

"Well, I admit that the wheat turned out badly," he said. "But I was taken in in buying it as much as the bakers who bought it o' me."

"And the poor folk who had to eat it whether or no," said the inharmonious man outside the window.

Henchard's face darkened. There was temper under the thin bland surface—the temper which, artificially intensified, had banished a wife nearly a score of years before.

"You must make allowances for the accidents of a large business," he said. "You must bear in mind that the weather just at the harvest of that corn was worse than we have known it for years. However, I have mended my arrangements on account o't. Since I have found my business too large to be well looked after by myself alone, I have advertised for a thorough good man as manager of the corn department. When I've got him you will find these mistakes will no longer occur—matters will be better looked into."

"But what are you going to do to repay us for the past?" inquired the man who had before spoken, and who seemed to be a baker or miller. "Will you replace the grown flour we've still got by sound grain?"

Henchard's face had grown still more stern at these interruptions, and he drank from his tumbler of water as if to calm himself or gain time. Instead of vouchsafing a direct reply, he stiffly observed:

"If anybody will tell me how to turn grown wheat into wholesome wheat, I'll take it back with pleasure. But it can't be done."

Henchard was not to be drawn again. Having said this he sat down.

CHAPTER VI.

Now the group outside the window had within the last few minutes been re-enforced by new arrivals, some of them respectable shopkeepers and their assistants, who had come out for a whiff of air after putting up the shutters for the night; some of them of a lower class. Distinct from either there appeared a stranger—a young man of remarkably pleasant aspect, who carried in his hand a carpet-bag of the smart floral pattern prevalent in such articles at that time.

He was fair and ruddy, bright-eyed, and slight in build. He might possibly have passed by without stopping at all, or at most for half a minute to glance in at the scene, had not his advent coincided with the discussion on corn and bread, in which event this history had never appeared. But the subject seemed to arrest him, and he whispered some inquiries of the other by-standers, and remained listening.

When he heard Henchard's closing words, "It can't be done," he smiled, impulsively drew out his pocket-book, and wrote down a few words by the aid of the light in the window. He tore out the leaf, folded and directed it, and seemed about to throw it in through the open sash upon the dining-table, but on second thoughts edged himself through the loiterers till he reached the door of the inn, where one of the waiters who had been serving inside was now idly leaning against the door-post.

"Give this to the Mayor at once," he said, handing in his hasty note.

Elizabeth Jane had seen his movements and heard the words, which attracted her both by their subject and by their accent—a strange one for those parts. It was quaint and northerly.

The waiter took the note, while the young stranger continued: "And can ye tell me of a respectable hotel that's a little more moderate than this?"

The waiter glanced indifferently up and down the street. "They say the King of Prussia, just below here, is a very good place," he languidly answered; "but I have never staid there myself."

The Scotchman, as he seemed to be, thanked him, and strolled on in the direction of the King of Prussia aforesaid, apparently more concerned about the question of an inn than about the fate of his note, now that the momentary impulse of writing it was over. While he was disappearing slowly down the street the waiter left the door, and Elizabeth Jane saw with some interest the note brought into the dining-room and handed to the Mayor.

Henchard looked at it carelessly, unfolded it with one hand, and glanced it through. Thereupon it was curious to note an unexpected effect. The nettled, clouded aspect which had held possession of his face since the subject of his corn-dealings had been broached, changed itself into one of arrested attention. He read the note slowly, and fell into thought, not moody, but fitfully intense, as that of a man who has been captured by an idea.

By this time toasts and speeches had given place to songs, the wheat subject being quite forgotten. Men were putting their heads together in twos and threes, with pantomimic laughter, which reached convulsive grimace. Some were beginning to look as if they did not know how they had come there, what they had come for, or how they were going to get home again, and provisionally sat on with a dazed smile. Square-built men showed a tendency to become hunchbacks; men with a dignified presence lost it in a curious obliquity of figure, in which their features grew disarranged and one-sided; whilst the heads of a few who had dined with extreme thoroughness were somehow sinking into their shoulders, the corners of their mouth and eyes being bent upward by the subsidence. Only Henchard did not conform to these flexuous changes; he remained stately and vertical, silently thinking.

The clock struck nine; Elizabeth Jane turned to her companion. "The evening is drawing on, mother," she said. "What do you propose to do?"

She was surprised to find how irresolute her mother had become. "We must get a place to lie down in," she murmured; "I have seen—Mr. Henchard; and that's all I wanted to do."

"That's enough for to-night at any rate," Elizabeth Jane replied, soothingly. "We can think to-morrow what is best to do about him. The question now is—is it not?—how shall we find a lodging."

As her mother did not reply, Elizabeth Jane's mind reverted to the words of the waiter, that the King of Prussia was an inn of moderate charges. A recommendation good for one person was probably good for another. "Let us go where the young man has gone to," she said. "He is respectable. What do you say?"

Her mother assented, and down the street they went.

In the mean time the Mayor's thoughtfulness, engendered by the note as stated, continued to hold him in abstraction, till, whispering to his neighbor to take his place, he found opportunity to leave the chair. This was just after the departure of his wife and Elizabeth.

Outside the door of the assembly-room he saw the waiter, and beckoning to him, asked who brought the note which had been handed in a quarter of an hour before.

"A young man, sir—a sort of traveller. He was a Scotchman, seemingly."

"Did he say how he had got it?"

"He wrote it himself, sir, as he stood outside the window."

"Oh—wrote it himself.... Is the young man in the hotel?"

"No, sir. He went to the King o' Prussia, I believe."

The Mayor walked up and down the vestibule of the hotel with his hands under his coat tails, as if he were merely seeking a cooler atmosphere than that of the room he had quitted. But there could be no doubt that he was in reality still possessed to the full by the new idea, whatever that might be. At length he went back to the door of the dining-room, paused, and found that the songs, toasts, and conversation were proceeding quite satisfactorily without his presence. The corporation, private residents, and major and minor gentlemen-tradesmen had, in fact, gone in for comforting beverages to such an extent that they had quite forgotten, not only the Mayor, but all those vast political, religious, and social differences which separated them in the daytime like iron grills. Seeing this, the Mayor took his hat, and when the waiter had helped him on with a thin holland overcoat, went out and stood under the portico.

Very few persons were now in the street; and his eyes, by a sort of attraction, turned and dwelt upon a spot about a hundred yards further down. It was the house to which the writer of the note had gone—the King of Prussia—whose two prominent gables, bow-window, and passage-light could be seen from where he stood. Having kept his eyes on it for a while, he strolled in that direction.

This immutable house of accommodation for man and beast was built of mellow sandstone, with mullioned windows of the same material, now markedly out of perpendicular from the settlement of foundations. The bay-window projecting into the street, whose interior was so popular among the frequenters of the inn, was closed with shutters, in each of which appeared a heart-shaped aperture, somewhat more attenuated in the right and left ventricles than is seen in nature. Inside these illuminated holes, at a distance of about three inches, were ranged at this hour, as every passer knew, the ruddy polls of Billy Willis, the glazier, Smart, the shoe-maker, Buzzford, the general dealer, and others of that set, each with his yard of clay.

A four-centred Tudor arch was over the entrance, and over the arch the sign-board, now visible in the rays of an opposite lamp. Hereon the King, who had been represented by the artist as a person of two dimensions only—in other words, flat as a shadow—was seated on a war-horse in a frozen prance. Being on the sunny side of the street, both he and his charger had suffered largely from warping, splitting, fading, and shrinkage, so that he was but a half-invisible film upon the reality of the grain and knots and nails which composed the sign-board. As a matter of fact, this state of things was not so much owing to Stannidge, the landlord's, neglect, as from the lack of a painter in Casterbridge who would undertake to reproduce the uniform of a man so traditional.

A long, narrow, dimly lit passage gave access to the inn, within which passage the horses going to their stalls at the back and the coming and departing human guests rubbed shoulders indiscriminately, the latter running no slight risk of having their toes trodden upon by the animals. The good stabling and the good beer of the King of Prussia, though somewhat difficult to reach on account of there being but this narrow way to both, were nevertheless perseveringly sought out by the sagacious old heads who knew what was what in Casterbridge.

Henchard stood without the inn for a few instants, then, lowering the dignity of his presence as much as possible by buttoning the brown holland coat over his shirt front, and in other ways toning himself down to his ordinary every-day appearance, he entered the inn door.

CHAPTER VII.

Elizabeth Jane and her mother had arrived some twenty minutes earlier. Outside the house they had stood and considered whether even this homely place, though recommended as moderate, might not be too serious in its prices for their light pockets. Finally, however, they had found courage to enter, and duly met Stannidge, the landlord, a silent man, who drew and carried frothing measures to this room and to that, on a par with his waiting-maids—a stately slowness, however, entering into his ministrations by contrast with theirs, as became one whose service was somewhat optional. It would have been altogether optional but for the orders of the landlady, a person who sat in the bar, corporeally motionless, but with a flitting eye and quick ear, with which she observed and heard through the open door and hatchway the pressing needs of customers whom her husband overlooked though close at hand. Elizabeth and her mother were passively accepted as sojourners, and shown to a small bedroom under one of the gables, where they sat down.

"'Tis too good for us—we can't meet it!" said the elder woman, looking round the apartment with misgiving as soon as they were left alone.

"I fear it is, too," said Elizabeth. "But we must be respectable."

The principle of the inn seemed to be to compensate for the antique awkwardness, crookedness, and obscurity of the passages, doors, walls, and windows, by quantities of clean linen spread about everywhere, and this had a dazzling effect upon the travellers. "We must pay our way even before we must be respectable," replied her mother. "Mr. Henchard is too high for us to make ourselves known to him, I much fear; so we've only our own pockets to depend on."

"I know what I'll do," said Elizabeth Jane, after an interval of waiting, during which their needs seemed quite forgotten under the press of business below. And leaving the room, she descended the stairs and penetrated to the bar.

If there was one good thing more than another which characterized this single-hearted girl, it was a willingness to sacrifice her personal comfort and dignity to the common weal.

"As you seem busy here to-night, and mother's not well off, might I take out part of our accommodation by helping?" she asked of the landlady.

The latter, who remained as fixed in the arm-chair as if she had been melted into it when in a liquid state, and could not now be unstuck, looked the girl up and down inquiringly, with her hands on the chair arms. Such arrangements as the one Elizabeth Jane proposed were not uncommon in country villages; but, though Casterbridge was old-fashioned, the custom was well-nigh obsolete here. The mistress of the house, however, was an easy woman to strangers, and she made no objection. Thereupon Elizabeth Jane, being instructed by nods and motions from the taciturn landlord as to where she could find the different things, trotted up and down stairs with materials for her own and her parent's meal.

While she was doing this the wood partition in the centre of the house thrilled to its centre with the tugging of a bell-pull upstairs. A bell below tinkled a note that was feebler in sound than the twanging of wires and cranks that had produced it.

"'Tis the Scotch gentleman," said the landlady, omnisciently; and turning her eyes to Elizabeth, "Now, then, can you go and see if his supper is on the tray? If it is, you can take it up to him. The front room over this."

Elizabeth Jane, though hungry, willingly postponed serving herself awhile, and applied to the cook in the kitchen, whence she brought forth the tray of supper viands, and proceeded with it upstairs to the apartment indicated. The accommodation of the King of Prussia was far from spacious, despite the fair area of ground it covered. The room demanded by intrusive beams and rafters, partitions, passages, staircases, disused ovens, settles, and four-posters left comparatively small quarters for human beings. Moreover, this being at a time before home-brewing was abandoned by the smaller victuallers, and a house in which the twelve-bushel strength was still religiously adhered to by the landlord in his ale, the quality of the liquor was the chief attraction of the premises, so that everything had to make way for utensils and operations in connection therewith. Thus Elizabeth Jane found that the Scotchman was located in a room quite close to the small one that had been allotted to herself and her mother.

When she entered, nobody was present but the young man himself, the same whom she had seen lingering without the windows of the Golden Crown Hotel. He was now idly reading a copy of the local paper, and was hardly conscious of her entry, so that she looked at him quite coolly, and saw how his forehead shone where the light caught it, and how nicely his hair was cut, and the sort of velvet pile or down that was on the skin at the back of his neck, and how his cheek was so truly curved as to be part of a globe, and how clearly drawn were the lids and lashes which hid his bent eyes.

She set down the tray, spread his supper, and went away without a word. On her arrival below, the landlady, who was as kind as she was fat and lazy, saw that Elizabeth Jane was rather tired, though in her earnestness to be useful she was waiving her own needs altogether. Mrs. Stannidge thereupon said, with a considerate peremptoriness, that she and her mother had better take their own suppers if they meant to have any.

Elizabeth Jane fetched their simple provisions, as she had fetched the Scotchman's, and went up to the little chamber where she had left her mother, noiselessly pushing open the door with the edge of the tray. To her surprise her mother, instead of being reclined on the bed where she had left her, was in an erect position, with lips parted. At Elizabeth's entry she lifted her finger.

The meaning of this was soon apparent. The room allotted to the two women had at one time served as a dressing-room to the Scotchman's chamber, as was evidenced by signs of a door of communication between them—now screwed up and pasted over with the wall-paper. But, as is frequently the case with hotels of far higher pretensions than the King of Prussia, every word spoken in either of these rooms was distinctly audible in the other. Such sounds came through now.

Thus silently conjured, Elizabeth Jane deposited the tray, and her mother whispered as she drew near, "'Tis he."

"Who?" said the girl.

"The Mayor. The tremors in Susan Henchard's tone might have led any person but one so perfectly unsuspicious of the truth as the girl was, to surmise some closer connection than the

admitted simple kinship as a means of accounting for them.

Two men were indeed talking in the adjoining chamber, the young Scotchman and Henchard, who, having entered the inn while Elizabeth Jane was in the kitchen waiting for the supper, had been deferentially conducted upstairs by host Stannidge himself. The girl noiselessly laid out their little meal, and beckoned to her mother to join her, which Mrs. Henchard mechanically did, her attention being fixed on the conversation through the door.

"I merely strolled in on my way home to ask ye a question about something that has excited my curiosity," said the Mayor, with careless geniality. "But I see you have not finished supper."

"Ay, but I will have done in a few minutes! Ye needn't go, sir. Take a seat. I've almost done, and it makes na difference at all."

Henchard seemed to take the seat offered, and in a moment he resumed: "Well, first I should ask, did you write this?" A rustling of paper followed.

"Yes, I did," said the Scotchman.

"Then," said Henchard, "I am under the impression that we have met by accident while waiting for the morning to keep an appointment wi' each other? My name is Henchard; ha'n't you replied to an advertisement for a corn-factor's manager that I put into the paper—ha'n't you come here to see me about it?"

"No," said the Scotchman, with some surprise.

"Surely you are the man," went on Henchard, insistingly, "who arranged to come and see me? Joshua—Joshua— What was his name?"

"No, indeed," said the young man. "My name is Donald Farfrae. It is true I am in the corn trade, but I have replied to no advertisment, and arranged to see no one. I am on my way to Bristol, from there to the other side of the world to try my fortune in the great wheat-growing districts of the West. I have some inventions useful to the trade, and there is no scope for developing them heere."

"To America!—well, well!" said Henchard, in a tone of disappointment so strong as to make itself felt like a damp atmosphere. "And yet I could have sworn you were the man."

The Scotchman murmured another negative, and there was a silence, till Henchard resumed, "Then I am truly and sincerely obliged to you for the few words you wrote on that paper."

"It was nothing."

"Well, it has a great importance for me just now. This row about my grown wheat, which I declare to Heaven I didn't know to be bad till the people came complaining, has put me to my wits' end. I've some hundreds of quarters of it on hand, and if your renovating process will make it wholesome, why, you can see what a quag 'twould get me out of. I saw in a moment there might be truth in it. But I should like to have it proved, and, of course, you don't care to tell the steps of the process sufficiently for me to do that, without my paying ye well for't first."

The young man reflected a moment or two. "I don't know that I have any objection," he said. "I'm going to another country, and curing bad corn is not the line I'll take up there. Yes, I'll tell ye the whole of it; you'll make more of it here than I will in a foreign country. Just look here a minute, sir. I can show ye by a sample in my carpet-bag."

The click of a lock followed, and there was a sifting and rustling; then a discussion about so many ounces to the bushel, and drying, and refrigerating, and so on.

"These few grains will be sufficient to show ye with," came in the young fellow's voice; and after a pause, during which some operation seemed to be intently watched by them both, he exclaimed, "There, now, do you taste that?"

"It's complete! quite restored, or—well—nearly."

"Quite enough restored to make good seconds out of it," said the Scotchman. "To fetch it back entirely is impossible; nature won't stand so much as that, but here you go a great way toward it. Well, sir, that's the process; I don't value it, for it can be but of little use in countries where the weather is more settled than in ours; and I'll be only too glad if it's of service to you."

"But hearken to me," pleaded Henchard. "My business, you know, is in corn and in hay; but I was brought up as a hay-trusser simply, and hay is what I understand best, though I now do more in corn than in the other. If you'll accept the situation, you shall manage the corn branch entirely, and receive a commission in addition to salary."

"It is liberal—very liberal; but no, no—I cannet!" the young man still replied, with some distress in his accents.

"So be it!" said Henchard, conclusively. "Now, to change the subject, one good turn deserves another; don't stay to finish that miserable supper. Come to my house; I can find something better for ye than cold ham and ale."

Donald Farfrae was grateful—said he feared he must decline—that he wished to leave early next day.

"Very well," said Henchard, quickly; "please yourself. But I tell ye, young man, if this holds good for the bulk, as it has done for the sample, you have saved my credit, stranger though you be. What shall I pay you for this knowledge?"

"Nothing at all—nothing at all. It may not prove necessary to ye to use it often, and I don't value it at all. I thought I might just as well let ye know, as ye were in a difficulty, and they were harrd upon ye."

Henchard paused. "I sha'n't soon forget this," he said. "And from a stranger!.... I couldn't believe you were not the man I had engaged! Says I to myself, 'He knows who I am, and recommends himself by this stroke.' And yet it turns out, after all, that you are not the man who answered my advertisement, but a stranger!"

"Ay, ay; 'tis so," said the young man, simply.

Henchard again suspended his words, and then his voice came thoughtfully: "Your forehead, Farfrae, is something like my poor brother's—now dead and gone; and the nose, too, isn't unlike his. You must be, what—five foot nine, I reckon? I am six foot one and a half out of my shoes. But what of that? In my business 'tis true that strength and bustle build up a firm. But judgment and knowledge are what keep it established. Unluckily I am bad at science, Farfrae; bad at figures—a rule-o'-thumb sort of man. You are just the reverse—I can see that. I have been looking for such as you these two year, and yet you are not for me. Well, before I go, let me ask this: Though you are not the young man I thought you were, what's the difference? Can't ye stay just the same? Have you really made up your mind about this American notion? I won't mince matters. I feel you would be invaluable to me—that needn't be said—and if you will stay and be my manager, I will make it worth your while."

"My plans are fixed," said the young man, in negative tones; "I have formed a scheme, and there can be no more words about it. But will you not drink with me, sir? I find this Casterbridge ale warreming to the stomach—ay, as Presbyterian cream."

"No, no; I fain would, but I can't," said Henchard, gravely, the scraping of his chair informing the listeners that he was rising to leave. "When I was a young man I went in for that sort of thing too strong—far too strong—and was well-nigh ruined by it! I did a deed on account of it which I shall be ashamed of to my dying day. It made such an impression on me that I swore, there and then, that I'd drink nothing stronger than tea for as many years as I was old that day. I have kept my oath; and though, Farfrae, I am sometimes that dry in the dog-days that I could drink a quarter-barrel to the pitching, I think o' my oath, and touch no strong drink at all."

"I won't press ye, sir—I won't press ye. I respect your vow."

"Well, I shall get a manager somewhere, no doubt," said Henchard, with strong feeling in his tones. "But it will be long before I see one that would suit me so well!"

The young man appeared much moved by Henchard's warm convictions of his value. He was silent till they reached the door. "I wish I could stay—sincerely wish it," he replied. "But, no—it cannet be; it cannet! I want to see the warrld."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE CHESS CHAMPIONSHIP.

Few events in the chess world have ever caused so much excitement as the coming match between the two rival masters Steinitz and Zukertort, and perhaps no event since the days of Morphy. It is universally acknowledged that these are the two strongest living players; no one has ever successfully withstood either, and the supremacy is now to be determined between them.

William Steinitz was born at Prague May 7, 1836. He received his preliminary training in that city, and then entered the Polytechnic at Vienna. After studying there, he employed part of his time in tutoring and journalistic work. He first learned chess in Prague at the age of fourteen, and played with the students and local players. He improved much under the instruction of Hampe and Jenai, and took prizes in the Vienna local tourneys of 1859, 1860, and 1861; this was his first serious chess schooling. In 1862 he won the sixth prize in the London International Tourney, and in 1863 defeated Mr. Blackburne in a match. In 1865 he was beaten by Mr. De Vere, to whom he gave the odds of pawn and move—the only set match Mr. Steinitz has ever lost. In 1866 occurred his famous match with Anderssen, whom he defeated with a score of 8 to 6, thus establishing his reputation as a first-class chess-player. From this time on Mr. Steinitz's career is a succession of triumphs in matches and tournaments against the best players of Europe and America. Among those whom he has defeated in matches are Bird, Blackburne, and Zukertort in 1872. He has frequently come out first in handicaps in England. In 1870 he carried off the second prize at the International Tournament in Baden (Anderssen winning the first), and in 1871 he secured the first in the City of London Handicap, winning every game. In the London International Tourney of 1872 Mr. Steinitz won the first place; in this contest he lost not one game, and won one and one draw from Mr. Zukertort, whom he there met for the first time in a tournament. In 1873 he played in the Vienna International. Here Mr. Steinitz made the most remarkable "break" on record. After losing two games to Mr. Blackburne, and making two draws with other players, he won sixteen successive games, defeating the strongest players, among whom were Anderssen, Paulsen, Rosenthal, Bird, and Schwartz. He tied with Blackburne for the first prize, and then defeated him. Mr. Zukertort did not participate. In 1882, at another Vienna tourney, he tied with Winawer for the first prize, although he was beaten by Zukertort in their encounter. In 1873 Mr. Steinitz settled in London, and was almost exclusively engaged in chess literary work. In 1882 he started on his well-known American tour, giving exhibitions, and playing successful matches against Mr. Martinez, of Philadelphia, Judge Golmayo, of Havana, Captain Mackenzie, and others. In the London International Tourney of 1883 he carried off the second prize, Zukertort winning the first. After this tournament Mr. Steinitz settled in America. Last year he founded the *International Chess Magazine*, which is probably the first chess authority on this side of the Atlantic.

John Hermann Zukertort was born at Riga September 7, 1842. In 1855 his father removed to Germany, where Zukertort applied himself to study. He learned the game in 1860, and in 1862 met Anderssen. By practicing considerably with the veteran he improved rapidly, and was soon considered one of the most formidable players in North Germany. From 1868 to 1871 he played in various German tournaments, and in 1871 defeated his old master, Professor Anderssen, with a score of 5 to 2. In 1872 he settled in London, and in the same year won a match from Blackburne, but lost one to Steinitz. In 1877, at the Anderssen jubilee in Leipsic, he tied with the old professor for the second and third prizes, and in the following year carried off the first prize in the great Paris tourney. In 1880 he beat the French champion, M. Rosenthal, in a match. In 1882 Steinitz and Zukertort met at the Vienna tourney. Zukertort tied with Captain Mackenzie for the fourth and fifth prizes, but received a special prize for defeating the first three winners. At the London International of 1883 Mr. Zukertort carried off the first prize, performing the wonderful feat of winning twenty-two games and losing only one. His play throughout was characterized by unusual boldness, soundness, and brilliancy, his beautiful game with Blackburne on that occasion being pronounced by Mr. Steinitz "one of the most brilliant on record." At the conclusion of this tournament Mr. Zukertort made a tour through the United States and Canada, giving blindfold and simultaneous exhibitions, and in 1884–5 he gave similar performances in England and on the Continent.

The pending match, which was arranged last year, is for $2000 a side. It is to be decided by either player winning ten games (draws not counting). Should both score nine, the match is to be declared a draw, as neither player is willing to stake his reputation on a single game. It ought to be remarked that Americans have contributed with munificent liberality to this contest, each player being allowed a handsome amount for his expenses. That part of the match which takes place in New York is under the management of a committee from the Manhattan Chess Club (Messrs. Green, Teed, and Devisser), and will be played at 50 Fifth Avenue till either player wins four games; then the champions go to St. Louis, and thence to New Orleans to finish the match.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

The Harvard Faculty, having been advised by the Committee on Athletics that the game of foot-ball has been much improved the past season, have removed the prohibition under which the game at Cambridge has lain since January 6 of last year. It was said that in forbidding the game they were influenced a good deal by a popular impression, which they shared, that the match between Yale and Princeton at the Polo Grounds on Thanksgiving Day, 1884, was too energetic. The annual encounter of the elevens of these two colleges seems to be looked to as affording "the pace" at which college foot-ball shall be carried on. Their last match at New Haven was universally commended as an uninterrupted and gentleman-like pursuit of the game proper, unattended by private fisticuffs or wrestling bouts of a brilliant but extra and unnecessary kind, and it was perhaps very greatly in consequence of the quality of this match that the recommendation of the Harvard committee was made, and the Faculty's prohibition withdrawn. Whatever the sentiment in England may be in regard to foot-ball, there seems to be a definite notion here that the game should be played in such a manner that it shall offer no great peril to life or even to limb.

England is to have an Anti-plumage League, the object being to induce women to reject the wings and feathers of birds as bonnet decorations, and to save the birds, which are being destroyed in an alarming fashion. In view of the present popular feeling here against the English sparrow, which is driving out the robin and the oriole, perhaps this will afford a hint for a Pro-plumage League which shall be pledged to trim its bonnets with sparrow feathers and nothing else.

The Boston *Record* relates the singular experience of a West End lady on Christmas Eve. She was told by a domestic that there was a policeman at the door who insisted on seeing the lady of the house. She went to the door, where the policeman, who had refused to step into the hall, asked her if she had got a license for giving an exhibition with a personation of Santa Claus. She replied that she had not, whereupon he said that he would feel obliged to complain against her unless she gave him five dollars. She, much flustered, was about to pay the money, when she bethought herself of her brother-in-law, who was in the house, and called him. On hearing the demand, he called the policeman a scoundrel, and ordered him away. The policeman attempted to arrest him. In the scuffle that followed, the policeman's whiskers came off, disclosing the features of the lady's cousin, a young gentleman who has the reputation of being a great wag.

A paragraph says that "ladies' hair is to be worn very high on the head in Paris this winter. For the benefit of belles with long throats, however, a few curls may fall from the high coils of hair so as to avoid the ugly effect." If the reporter had chosen to be more explicit, it would have been interesting to be positively informed whether these few curls should be twined around the neck, or simply tied under the chin, in order to accomplish their purpose.

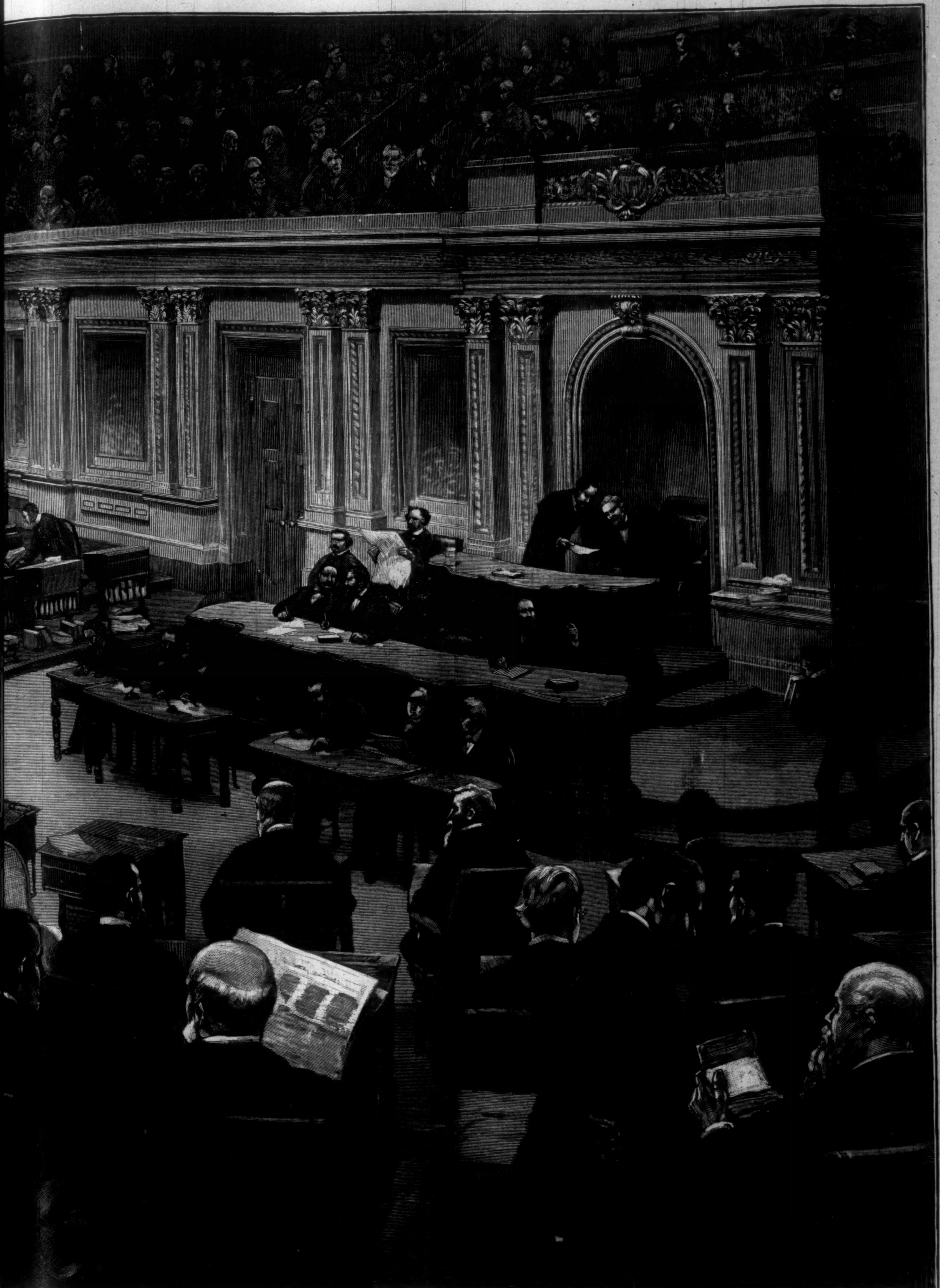
The word "Mugwump" is said to have passed examination for Webster's Unabridged, and "arryish" is reported among the words in a recent English dictionary. The last word is an adjective derived from Harry, or 'Arry, the typical cockney, and implies the airy and interesting style of that person.

Long Island has charmed a multitude of visitors, and evoked praise of many sorts. An Englishman who went shooting on the north shore took dinner at a farm-house there, and was moved to write about it to a London newspaper. "I wonder," he says, "how often in merrie England a farmer, with his family and two men-servants, sits down to roast turkey, chicken pie, with four or five vegetables, and cranberry pie, to say nothing of both whiskey and beer to drink?" The whiskey and beer have a sort of holiday look, but the other things ought to be common enough on the tables of Long Island farmers, and plenty of cider along with them.

"Paris," says the London *News*, "is so attractive because it appears every morning with a clean face. The streets are thoroughly swept, and even washed when they want it. The house fronts are periodically scraped or scoured, under heavy penalties for neglect. The inhabitants are entirely free from that peculiar form of low depression which ought to be known as London melancholia, though it has not yet found its place in the books. Gallic observers of eminence, who have occasionally treated of this malady under the name of spleen, describe it as a kind of mean sadness, not an out-and-out sorrow, but a dreadful sinking of the spirits that drives to drink or to dinner parties, according to the class of the sufferer. These characteristics of London are not confined to any one quarter of the town, though they are perhaps more intensified in Seven Dials than in Belgravia."

THE NEXT THING TO ABOLISH.
Member. "I say, is life worth living?"

THE UNITED STATES SENATE.



TE.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 42.]

THE ROMANCE OF A GAS-PIPE.

By Mary E. Vandyne.

"Literary people! Faugh! don't speak of them. If there's anything I detest more than another, it's a man or woman who writes."

I looked at my friend Teddy Jones and smiled. What in the world could have caused this outburst against the fraternity to which it was the height of my ambition to belong?—and from Jones!

Jones and literary people! What could be more absurd? Fancy it! Jones and men and women who spend their time reading Emerson, wondering at Carlyle's "immensities" and "eternities," and asking how far George Eliot really went in her following of Comte! The idea was so preposterous!

But I must introduce Teddy Jones. He was in the dry-goods trade. Originally he had been what people call a "counter-jumper." Now he was the principal buyer of one of our largest dry-goods "emporiums." (I quote Ted in using the word; it was big and imposing, and delighted him.) But as for reading—certainly he had never read anything but a newspaper since I had known him. His conversation—and he was as garrulous as Tennyson's brook, going on forever and forever, until some strong force (usually a reprimand from his wife) stopped him—was always about one of three things, his business, the next election, and what was going on at the theatres. What *could* Jones know about literary people? Where had he ever met any such, and what could he have had to do with them? I was anxious to know, and the only way to gratify my curiosity was to ask. I did ask. The first answer I got was a suppressed titter from Mrs. Jones.

"Oh! he'll tell the story fast enough," said Ted's loving spouse, "if you'll only listen."

"Let's have the story, by all means," I cried, "if there is one."

Jones looked half pleased, half mortified. Evidently there were features to the story which disinclined him to its relation. Yet between his own fondness for talking, his wife's urging, and my evident interest in what he had to tell, there seemed to be no escape for him. After a little more parleying we both took cigars, and he began:

"You see, Bradford, I was brought up to trade"—as if every cubic inch of his body, line of his face, the set of his collar, and the fit of his trousers had not borne testimony to that fact from the beginning. Never in the course of my life did I have anything to do with people who live by their wits, I take it, which means stealing, or by their imaginations, which I have since found out means writing, until I had got married and come to town to live.

"You must know that at that time I was not as well off as I am now. Eliza and I" (a theatrical gesture of Ted's right arm toward Mrs. Jones assured me that she was the Eliza alluded to) "were obliged to live in a boarding-house.

"The mansion in which we sought refuge was kept by a Mrs. Smith, and we arrived at her establishment one evening just in time for dinner.

"When we stepped into the dining-room we saw a long table with about a dozen people ranged around it. First came Mr. and Mrs. James Sterling, two sons, and a daughter—of no interest whatever. Then there were two young men, clerks in a neighboring drug-store; the last two were utterly unimportant. But at the left hand of one of them sat a young lady."

At this point Ted glanced at Mrs. Jones. But apparently that bright little woman had no idea of being jealous. She smiled back at her husband.

"Well, Bradford, if ever I saw a beautiful woman, there was one. You know I am a judge of women."

I thought of Jones's experience behind the counter, and assented.

"Such blue eyes! Such a head of golden hair!" (Another surreptitious glance at Mrs. Jones.) "Well, I won't go on. She was just the very model of that woman with the baby up in your room."

Oh dear! oh dear! That was the way in which Jones alluded to my photograph of Raphael's Madonna del Granduca.

"The very moment I looked at her I began to think of angels. But I did not dare look long, for there, right at her elbow, sat the most hideous old woman you ever saw in your life. How could it be? Was that dreadful old woman the mother of that beautiful girl? She was. Our landlady introduced us to Mrs. Marvin and her daughter, Miss Emily Marvin. Oh! how beautiful Miss Emily was when she lifted her eyes! I actually felt my heart go pit-a-pat."

What a woman Mrs. Jones was! Even this did not disturb her.

"Well, we had not sat at that table long before I began to feel that we were in an atmosphere of romance. At our landlady's left hand, and just about as far from Miss Emily as he could be put, sat a young man. He was a handsome fellow, too. His eyes and hair were dark, and he had a strong, solid look, as if he had been brought up in the country. He was just the kind of man I'd sell a bill of goods to and send them home without any C. O. D. mark. Our landlady introduced him as Mr. William Graham.

"It did not need a very sharp pair of eyes to discover that Mr. Will Graham was in love with Miss Emily. Eliza and I both understood it fully before the evening was out. When we got to our own room we talked it over, and we also decided that the two young people were very unhappy. Eliza said it was because Miss Marvin's mother was opposed to the match. I had not got quite as far as this, but in the course of a few days, when I had seen considerably more of the young couple, I felt sure she was right.

"One day, when I came home from the store a little earlier than usual, Eliza said to me, 'Ted, I think there is something very mysterious about Miss Emily.'

"'What is it?' I asked.

"'Why, she is always so preoccupied. I spoke to her to-day at lunch, and she answered me in such a way that I felt sure she didn't know in the least what I had said. Then she is always so busy! Our landlady asked her to go out for a little walk to-day, by way of recreation, and she made some hurried excuse, saying she couldn't go anywhere, she had so much to do.'

"I told Eliza that women in boarding-houses were always hunting up mysteries to gossip about. There was probably nothing more remarkable about Miss Emily's preoccupation than that she was busy over some new dress, and couldn't make the over-skirt fit. But the next night when I came home Eliza had a new story.

"'Ted,' she exclaimed, as soon as we got up to our room after dinner, 'I tell you I'm sure there's something very wrong about that poor girl.'

"'What now?' I inquired.

"'Well,' said Eliza, 'I was going past their room to-day after luncheon, when I heard a great noise. Somebody was scolding, and somebody was crying. Then the door opened and the old lady came out. I happened to look into the room, and there sat Miss Emily at her writing-desk. The tears were streaming down her cheeks, and her pen was going like wild-fire. The room looked very queer. It was full of books, and newspapers and magazines were lying all over the floor. I heard Miss Emily talking to herself. What she said I couldn't make out. When I got upstairs I lay down for a nap. Presently I heard a queer noise. First I couldn't think what it was, but it seemed to come from the gas fixture. I listened again, and then I made up my mind that somebody was playing on the bracket below as if it were a piano. I've always said her actions were very strange, and Mrs. Smith says so too. Fancy it—quarrelling with her mother, and writing like wild-fire, talking to herself, and playing tunes on a gas fixture! I tell you, that's it, Ted. I tell you, Edward, that that beautiful young girl, with golden hair, great open blue eyes, and a forehead just like that of a Roman Catholic saint, is crazy—stark, staring crazy!'

"'Fiddlesticks, Eliza!' I cried. 'You're crazy. I tell you there's nothing wrong about that girl's mind any more than there is about mine.' We argued, and argued, and argued. But of course I didn't convince Eliza, and she didn't convince me.

"Now I must tell you, Bradford, how our rooms were situated in that boarding-house. Old lady Marvin, being an invalid, couldn't go up and down stairs, so our landlady had given her a back room on the first floor. Eliza and I occupied the back room on the second floor. Above our heads, on the third floor, was Will Graham's room. We had often seen him going in and out of the door just at the head of the staircase, and Eliza always brought up as an evidence of his love for Miss Emily the way he tramped up and down that room at all hours of the night with his boots on.

"As a matter of course I paid no further attention to what I felt certain was Eliza's nonsense about Miss Emily's mind being out of order. But one evening I went hurriedly up to my room after dinner. I had just seen Miss Emily leave her mother at the table and disappear upstairs. The moment I got into our room I heard a most peculiar noise. What on earth was it? It sounded like 'Tick tick tick—tick—tick tick—tick—tick tick tick—tick tick,' and it came from the gas-pipe. 'Oho!' thought I, 'there's Eliza's notion. She did hear something, after all. Somebody is knocking on that gas fixture.' 'Playing a tune,' Eliza called it. Then all of a sudden a strange thought came over me. 'Phew!' I gasped. 'It's so—it's so, just as sure as you're born!'

"Now I must tell you, Bradford, that among my earlier experiences in this life I was once a telegraph operator. I didn't work at the business long, and I was extremely stupid at it; but I did learn the sounds; I knew them all, dots and dashes, just the horrid tick and succession of ticks, and spaces between the ticks, that are equivalent to the letters of the alphabet. And here I heard them again. Yes, that was it. I saw through the whole business at once, and as I did so I just lay down on the bed and laughed until I was afraid I'd have every button off my waistcoat.

"Some one had told me once that Will Graham was a telegraph operator. He had evidently taught Miss Emily the art, and here they were communicating with each other in the most satisfactory fashion, while everybody imagined that they were conducting themselves like perfect strangers. Oh dear! oh dear! how I did laugh! Then I waited patiently to hear what was being said. It was a kind of eaves-dropping, certainly, but how could I help it? The conversation I had happened upon ran as follows:

"'How are you this evening?'

"'Awfully tired. And you?'

"'Tired too. Mamma has been particularly exasperating.'

"'Has she? Am I never to have a talk with you again?'

"'I don't know. Keep up your spirits.'

"'I will, but it's dreadfully trying.'

"'I think somebody's coming.'

"'Oh dear!'

"I heard a door open and shut, and I knew that somebody had entered the room below. Conversation by way of the gas-pipe had ceased—for that occasion, at least.

"I can't tell you how many of these conversations I listened to. Every time that mysterious 'tick tick tick, tick tick' would begin I couldn't help pricking up my ears. And oh! the sweet things I did hear! One phrase that continually palpitated down that gas-pipe was, 'Emily, you are just perfectly lovely.'

"The reply generally was, 'Now, Will, don't be silly.'

"Instead of producing any effect, this usually brought out some such sentiment as, 'I never saw you look so pretty as you did at dinner.'

"'Don't be foolish.'

"'I will; I can't help it. If any other fellow gets you, I shall die.'

"'Don't talk nonsense. No other fellow ever will.'

"'Tell me you love me.'

"'I won't.'

"After this, silence would generally ensue.

"Well, matters were going along in this fashion when one day I began to think that the lovers were giving a new turn to their conversations. Was anything going to happen? Two or three things were said that I didn't understand. One day I heard Miss Emily say to Will:

"'There's no use; I've got to do it.'

"'What?'

"'Kill her.'

"'All right.'

"'But I hate to; and I can't think how.'

"'Shoot her.'

"'Nonsense!'

"At this point Eliza came into the room, and she made such a noise that I couldn't hear anything more. But not long afterward there were more serious communications:

"'Dear, dear Will.'

"'What is it?'

"'I won't love you if you won't help me.'

"'I will help you—with all my might.'

"'Then tell me what is a good way to kill an old woman?'

"'Arsenic.'

"'That won't do at all.'

"'Blow her up with gunpowder.'

"'Nonsense! You don't help me one bit.'

"'I'll die for you.'

"'I don't want you to die. I want her to die, and I don't know how to kill her.'

"'Well, kill her somehow, or she'll be the death of both of us. Do wear your blue dress to-morrow—you do look so pretty in it!'

"'Be still.'

"Night after night this thing went on. I saw the young couple every day at dinner. Miss Emily still looked like an angel; and as for Will Graham, he seemed honest enough to be a deacon. (Ahem! I didn't mean that.)

"How could these two innocent-looking young people be depraved enough to plot the murder of a fellow-being in such a heartless manner? And who could the fellow-being be?—who but the poor old lady to whom Miss Emily owed her being? I really began to pity the old soul. She was nearly eighty, ugly and ill-tempered. But what an awful fate—to live daily and hourly, to sleep in the same bed, with the wretched girl, her own daughter, who was plotting with her lover how to thrust her out of life!"

Jones was really getting eloquent in his alarm.

"All day long I thought about the matter. I lost flesh, grew pale and nervous. My employers and fellow-clerks could not imagine what was the matter. Eliza grew alarmed; she threatened to call a doctor. I was miserable, and my life a burden, and all because of the wickedness of a wretched girl whom I scarcely knew.

"It is no use to ask me why I did not tell somebody what troubled me. I would have done so if I could only have kept to one opinion long enough. But—if you can understand—though when I was in my own room, and heard that terrible tick tick of that horrible gas-pipe, I felt sure some awful deed was in contemplation, yet when daylight and I saw those two people face to face I couldn't believe it of them, they looked so innocent, so good; there was such an absence of all suggestion of wickedness in those blue eyes of Miss Emily, in that square, handsome face of Will Graham.

"Well, at last matters came to a crisis. It was one summer's night. I had worked hard all day, and was terribly worn out and nervous. I came home; had a chill or something. Anyway, Eliza allowed me only a light dinner, and made me go to bed early. During the evening the house was very quiet; the gas-pipe especially was silent as the grave. I fancy I must have fallen asleep, for I remember nothing between Eliza's coming upstairs about ten o'clock and being awakened shortly before midnight by a sound, coming, of course, from that gas-pipe. Of late, you see, I had got so nervous over it that the slightest sound from it woke me instantly. Eliza slept on placidly as a dormouse at my side.

"I listened intently. Whether it was my weak condition or a presentiment, I don't know, but I felt sure at once that something dreadful was coming. It did.

"'I've made up my mind, Will'—from below.

"'Well, what to do?'

"'Just as you said. Shooting's the best. She'll die instantly, you know, and I won't have any dying farewells to go through. I don't feel up to such a thing—have never had any practice in just that line.'

"Horrible girl! I thought. People don't generally get much practice at murdering their mothers.

"'I'm going to do it now, too. I've dallied over it a dreadful while, and I'm going to have it over by midnight. Then I'll breathe freer. There'll be nothing more but the marriage, and after that I can rest.'

"Was she a fiend? A red lie? Apparently they both were.

"'All right; go at it.' This from above. 'Do it up brown. I'll help you spend the money.'

"I could stand it no longer. 'Eliza!' I shrieked, 'there's murder! murder! murder! going on in this house. Get up! get up!'

"I simply flew up. In two seconds I had on a pair of trousers and a coat. Eliza tried to hold me, but I flung her off. There was no time to be lost. I expected the sound of a pistol-shot before I could get down-stairs.

"I went down three steps at a time. On my way I met a party of people coming from the front room, where they had been playing whist.

"'Mr. Jones!' shrieked our landlady, seeing my excited face, and glancing at Eliza, who was hurrying after me in her night dress.

"'Madam,' I cried, 'there's murder going on in your house. Come at once—come! To the rescue, I command you!'

"With the whole house following, I rushed to the door of Miss Marvin's room. I flung my whole strength against the wood. A series of shrieks came from within.

"'It's locked! it's locked! it's locked!' I cried.

"'Of course it's locked, you indecent man,' cried our landlady. 'The ladies are gone to bed. What do you mean?'

"'Mean, madam!' I cried; 'I mean there's murder going on behind that door.'

"By this time I had succeeded in convincing somebody that some foul deed was under way, for the two young men from the drug-store and both servants came rushing up. One had the fire tongs, the other the shovel, and one of the servants had seized a decanter, which she evidently meant to use as a bludgeon.

"Bent on saving that poor old lady from a dreadful death at her daughter's hands, I threw my whole strength against that door. The drug clerks helped me. There was a straining of the wood, a bursting of the latch, the door gave way, and there we stood in the midst of the room. *I gave one spring toward the murderess, and pinioned her in my arms.*"

At this point Mrs. Jones, who had listened with the utmost interest to her husband's narrative, burst into a peal of laughter. I laughed too, and then meekly inquired of them both what I was laughing at.

"Well, Teddy, what was it? What happened next?"

Teddy Jones gave a prolonged sigh. "What happened next? Why, that miserable wretch, Will Graham, actually threatened to have me arrested for assaulting his promised wife. Think of it—a decent, respectable married man like me!"

"But the murder—Miss Emily—what was it all about?"

"What was it all about?" The disgusted look that Teddy had worn when literary people were first spoken of came over his face again. "Why, it wasn't anything. Miss Emily was one of your precious literary people—writing a nasty story with a murder in it. She and Will Graham had been engaged for three years. He usually helped her out with her plots. Just now there was a family row because Will wouldn't take the old lady's money to go into business with. Will said he would risk impoverishing her. The old lady got provoked. She was tired of seeing Will nothing but a telegraph clerk, so she said they shouldn't speak to each other until he came to his senses and went into something for himself."

"But how did Miss Emily come to understand telegraphy?"

"Why, she was an operator herself. She didn't like it, and found writing, literature—bah!" (Jones was contemptuous still) "—paid her better. So she went at it, and, as I afterward learned, she really made a good thing of it."

"But what did they do to you for raising such a terrible fuss in the house?"

"Don't speak of it. I thought those women would never have done screaming and railing at me. Will Graham took me upstairs by the ear, and Eliza put me to bed. The landlady said I had behaved like a fiend, that her house had always been decent and respectable, and that I had ruined her. Old Mrs. Marvin kept having hysterics twice a day for a fortnight. I had brain-fever for six weeks. Then, before I had more than half recovered, they gave us warning, and Eliza and I had to turn out into the street. Literary people—ugh!"

THE UNITED STATES SENATE.

"The Senate never dies." This is the parliamentary way of saying that the terms of office of the Senators, or of any large number of them, never expire simultaneously, as the terms of all the members of the House of Representatives expire every two years. The Senate does its work with that prodigality of leisure which only an immortal body can assume to have, and with a degree of dignity that is the despair of the boisterous body which sits in the other end of the Capitol. The Senate Chamber, with only seventy-six members, is not crowded as the House is with three hundred and twenty-five. The seats are further apart, the aisles are never jammed, as the aisles of the House always are, and Senators move about from one side of the Chamber to the other with freedom, without causing confusion or detracting from the dignity of the proceedings. Groups of them carry on conversations in an under-tone while mere routine business engages the Senate, and sometimes as many as half the seats are vacant, when all the Senators are within hearing of the Clerk if he should call the roll. Nor does the Senate have to cramp itself with a multiplicity of rules which restrict the individual liberty of Senators.

As a rule, deliberative bodies never find time for deliberation, and to this rule the Senate is one of the few exceptions. Senators not only deliver set speeches on subjects under consideration without a limit on their time, but if there be any other subject on which a Senator wishes to be heard, he can make occasion for a speech by introducing a resolution and speaking to it. There is therefore all the opportunity for oratory that the popular tradition associates with legislative bodies in general. There are always several Senators who seldom rise from their seats except to deliver carefully prepared orations.

Others are "working" Senators, who seldom give formal notice, as the orators do, that "to-morrow I shall ask leave to address the Senate" on such and such a subject. Nearly all the set orations are thus announced in advance, and a stranger can always know by the number of persons in the galleries on any morning whether a great speech is to be delivered on that day.

The rules of the Senate exclude all persons from the floor while it is in session, except members, members of the House, and other high officers, but Senators can admit their private secretaries by card. If the phrase "private secretaries" includes newspaper correspondents, friends of Senators, and prominent visitors to the Capitol, this is simply an evidence of the elasticity of parliamentary phraseology. When Dr. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES entered the Chamber one day just before the holiday recess, some one asked how he gained admission. "Oh," said Senator EVARTS, "he is my private secretary." When the Senate goes into executive session to discuss treaties or nominations made by the President, no one but Senators is admitted either to the floor or to the galleries.

On the left side of the Chamber, which is the Republican side, Senator EDMUNDS is the most notable figure. He occupies one of the seats in the front row a little to the left of the centre. The late Senator ANTHONY occupied the adjacent seat on one side, and Senator LOGAN occupies the one on the other side. Mr. EDMUNDS has now had a longer continuous term of service than any of his associates. In 1866 he was appointed to fill an unexpired term, and he has been returned at every successive Senatorial election. Mr. SHERMAN entered the Senate five years earlier, but the continuity of his service was interrupted for four years, during which he was Secretary of the Treasury under President HAYES. It is noteworthy that he is the only member of the Senate who was a member during the war. There are several Senators, however, who were members of the House before 1861 and between 1861 and 1865. Mr. SAULSBURY, of Delaware, has been a member of the Senate consecutively since 1871, and Mr. LOGAN'S first term began at the same time, but for two years, 1877–9, he was not a member. The youngest member of the Senate is Senator KENNA, of West Virginia, who, when he took his seat in 1883, was only thirty-five years of age. Of the members on the Democratic side of the Chamber, Senator VOORHEES and Senator BECK, by their stature and by the frequency of their speaking, are among the first to become familiar to visitors. Senator BROWN occupies the most conspicuous seat on that side, the first one directly in front of the chair, and Senator HAMPTON, who has one of the most imposing and familiar faces in the whole Chamber, sits in the hindmost seat of all.

The dignified formulæ of the Senatorial speech are not always rigidly used in the committee-rooms and coat-rooms. While one Senator is delivering a philosophical or statistical oration to the country or to his party, groups of others will be enjoying cigars and jokes just beyond the reach of his oratory. Of those who have achieved peculiar distinction, Senator VANCE, of North Carolina, Senator VEST, of Missouri, and Senator BLACKBURN, of Kentucky, are pre-eminent among the present Senators.

THE ROMAN ALPHABET IN JAPAN.

BY A JAPANESE.

THE object of the *Romaji Kai* (Roman Alphabet Association) is to introduce the use of the Roman letters, instead of Chinese ideographs, for writing the Japanese language. Of the twenty-six letters, four, namely, L, Q, V, and X, are not used in writing Japanese. When a language can be adequately represented to the eye by twenty-two signs indicating sounds, why waste time and effort by continuing to represent it by many thousands of symbols pictorially indicating objects and ideas? It is a labor of years to learn to write the Japanese language as at present written, namely, with Chinese characters, supplemented by the *Kana* syllabary. The two syllabaries, the *Katakana* and *Hirakana*, were invented by Japanese scholars in the eighth and ninth centuries of the Christian era. They are based upon a selected number of Chinese characters used as merely phonetic signs. In the former, only one side or portion of the ideograph is written; in the latter, generally the whole character, in its "grass" or contracted form. To learn to write Japanese with the Roman alphabet requires hardly as many weeks as the present method requires years. How great, then, will be the saving of time and labor effected by substituting the alphabet for ideographs as the instrument of Japanese written speech!

Their excessive number, however, is not the only disadvantage of the Chinese written signs. Upon their introduction into Japan it was early found impossible to restrict the employment of them to the expression of purely Japanese words of corresponding signification. The Chinese sounds—or rather a more or less inaccurate approximation of the Chinese sounds—came to be gradually imported into the language of Japan along with the written symbols. It has therefore come to pass that in Japanese books one and the same character is at times used as the equivalent of a Japanese word, and at other times as the equivalent of the synonymous Chinese word. Nay, more: besides this source of confusion, when the characters are used with their proper ideographic values, there is a further element of doubt and difficulty imported into written Japanese by the circumstance that many of the characters are occasionally employed as merely phonetic signs, irrespective of their meanings; sometimes to represent the mere sounds of a Japanese word, at other times the mere sound of a Chinese word. Thus the difficulty of the ideographs arising from their numerical superabundance is aggravated by ambiguities in the modes of using them.

Another disadvantage of the Chinese characters is the complexity of their form and structure. Although some scores of them are written with no more than three or four strokes of the pencil each, there are thousands of others requiring each as many as ten, twenty, thirty, and sometimes even more than forty distinct movements of the hand for their formation. To write these complex combinations of lines, curves, and points always at full length was a task too much even for Chinese patience; and at least two distinct varieties of abbreviated handwriting came into general use both in China and Japan, namely, the "cursive" and the "grass" script. In multitudes of cases, however, these contracted forms of the characters are so destitute of any likeness to the original forms as to afford no aid whatever to the eye or to the intellect in detecting their identity. To acquire the quicker modes of writing involves, therefore, a further considerable expenditure of time, and fresh demands upon the already overburdened memory.

It is certain that the excessive expenditure of mental power in one direction diminishes the stock available for use in other directions. In the effort of learning by heart thousands of intricate symbols of sounds and ideas, the memory is exercised and strengthened at the expense of some of the other intellectual faculties. To this cause, doubtless, must be in large measure attributed the comparative backwardness of the Chinese mind, and its deficiency in the powers of abstraction and generalization. By the invention of the two syllabaries, some ten centuries ago, Japan partially emancipated herself from the thralldom of the Chinese script; but no complete deliverance is possible otherwise than by wholly discarding it in favor of a purely alphabetic system.

Another reason for making the desired change of script is the rapid spread amongst the Japanese people of Western knowledge. So long as the literature of China formed the sole staple of education in Japan, little inconvenience arose from the multiplicity and intricacy of the Chinese ideographs. But now that European science is being eagerly studied and assimilated by the rising generation, the need of a simpler and easier script for the expression and propagation of the new ideas becomes every day more palpable. The most convenient course, evidently, is to adopt the new terms, as well as the new ideas, bodily into the language; and this can not properly be done unless the writing in use be alphabetic.

It is scarcely necessary to point out the subsidiary advantages which the Japanese people will derive from the employment of an alphabet in which the languages of the leading nations of the world are written. Once familiarized with the phonetic values of the letters in the writing of their own tongue, the acquirement of English or any other European language will be much facilitated, and the incorporation of new words into the national vocabulary can be made without difficulty. On the other hand, foreigners interested in Japan, whether as merchants, officials, missionaries, or inquirers, will find that a main obstacle to knowledge has been removed from their path when an insight into the thoughts and doings of the people can be obtained without the inordinate sacrifice of time and effort that has hitherto been necessary. Thus from both ends at once the channel of intellectual communication between Japan and the Western world will be widened and deepened by the employment in common of the Roman alphabet.

THE "DOLPHIN'S" LAST TRIAL TRIP.

HAVING already taken more trial trips than any other national war vessel of this or any age, the *Dolphin* has finally succeeded in getting herself approved—if the predictions freely made concerning the convictions of the new Board of Experts are carried out. Her commander, the gallant Captain RICHARD W. MEADE, who has sailed the seas for thirty-five years, determined to show her running and staying qualities in the worst marine neighborhood at the worst season of the year, and accordingly took her from comfortable quarters at Newport to the tempestuous surroundings of Cape Hatteras. In twenty-four hours and fifty minutes he made the three hundred and forty miles from the starting place to Cape Henry, that is to say, at the rate of fourteen knots an hour, and when finally in sight of Cape Hatteras his joy was unbounded to find a gale blowing sixty miles an hour, with waves small mountains high, and a good prospect of plenty of them.

Into the face of that gale the good *Dolphin* ran, her entire hull being almost constantly washed by the water, while the gratings around her pilot-house were torn off and carried away. The engineers, fourteen feet below the deck, experienced some apprehension when the floods began to pour down at their feet, but it was valiantly resolved to keep her at full speed. After several hours of this struggle, Captain MEADE concluded to let her go at about half speed, and things became brighter.

The *Dolphin's* seamen came back from this visit to Cape Hatteras in midwinter with a profound respect for the sailing qualities of their celebrated craft, and very little has been said by the Board of Experts, since her return, about her "structural weakness." They are Captain BROWN, Engineer HARG, and Mr. STULER, and their written report as to the performance and capacities of the *Dolphin* under most trying circumstances is awaited with much interest. Believers in the future of that famous vessel insist that her speed on this latest trial trip would have been greater had the soft coal used for fuel been better cleaned, and had the firemen been accustomed to work with such fuel. Everybody commends, however, the pluck and executive force of Captain MEADE, whose exploits around stormy Cape Hatteras recall the best and earliest days of American seamanship.

THE BABY IN UTAH.

IN Utah there was a simplicity which reminded me of nothing so much as Wilkie's pictures. It was pure rusticity. Above all, "the baby" was in great force. What an ineffable person the baby is! I am not at all sure that they might not be improved upon—but let that pass. As they are, they are well worth studying. They are diplomatists of the most experienced kind, and there is nothing in the world which is not within the scope of a baby's ambition. They are very uncommunicative about their likes, leaving their satisfaction to be inferred from their complacency, but their dislikes they proclaim with considerable diligence and emphasis. There is, indeed, no mistaking those things to which a baby objects, for it leaves no room for misapprehension; but content is expressed only by a profound silence. This is truly royal, for kings and emperors in the same way do not condescend to express delight with any effusion, but, on the contrary, leave it to be understood that they are pleased by not exhibiting any demonstration of displeasure. "Every baby is born a prince"—and nothing truer was ever said. Few of them, it is true, grow up kings, but every cradle nevertheless is a throne, and the bottle, the rattle, and the night-light are the sacred insignia of sovereign rule. Sycophants are forever hovering round the tiny magnate, vying with each other to catch a smile or win a chuckle, and even when they fail, pretending to each other that they have succeeded.

Meanwhile the baby. Flattery is wasted upon him, and adulation does not affect him. To the intrigues of sycophants and the deferential blandishments of visitors he responds with impartial serenity, going to sleep under a storm of compliments, or turning to his bottle in the very midst of a siege of caresses. He betrays no pleasure in wealth, or beauty, or intellect, and lets slip no sign of interest in sensational intelligence. The whole Dream of Fair Women might pass in procession, and he would not check a yawn, while if an empire were falling in ruins about him, he would not take his eyes off the gas-light. This wonderful philosophy, which withstands unmoved the assaults of female beauty, and accepts without a gesture of surprise or regret the downfall of nations, baffles adult conjecture and routs logic. There is no arguing with a baby, for it has no premises in its syllogisms, and expresses itself by conclusions only, the unqualified affirmative or unqualified negative. If it will, it does, and if it will not, there is an end of the matter. One might as well offer a suggestion to the equinoxes as to the baby. Such being the case, and the baby refusing to respond to hints, there is nothing for it but to accept quiescence as satisfaction, and screaming as the reverse. The arrangement, perhaps, is not a bad one, for it saves everybody a world of trouble. On the one hand, the baby finds itself under no necessity of explaining either the gradations of pleasure or the causes for its disapprobation. Like the wise judge, it gives its decision, but not the reasons for it. The door is thus closed against haggling, and the tedious unravelling of cause and effect is avoided. The baby's friends, on the other hand, find a sharp line laid down for them of likes and dislikes, and have not to puzzle and perplex themselves about any debatable border-land of tastes, any probable this or possible that. They are saved all the worries of uncertainty, and are not distracted among a large choice of expedients. If the baby is quiet, it is happy. If it is not quiet, hold it upside down, and if it is still disturbed, give it some refreshment. This delightful simplicity of treatment makes it possible, therefore, even though the baby is reticent, to arrive with accuracy at the state of its feelings, and it also circumscribes the sphere of its pleasures so exactly as to make it unnecessary to seek for variety. What babies hate is irregularity. They want very little, but they like that little often and punctually. It is of no use, therefore, when the baby wants to be turned round and patted on the back, to try to put it off with an exhibition of the old masters, or to hold it up to look at a regatta. This only makes it scream. Procrastination in bottles makes the baby mad. For the baby there is nothing in all history, let it be steam machinery or the Edmunds Bill, electricity or the Habeas Corpus Act, so important as the invention of India-rubber tubing, and it would rather see the sun, moon, and stars drop out of the skies than take its thumb out of its mouth. Why is it, then, that so many mothers carry their infants "in arms" about with them to theatres and picnics, to places of refreshment and of recreation? Even though, as I have already said, we can not be sure that babies enjoy these festivities unless they tell us so, there is great reason for believing, by inference from their customary behavior, that they would much rather be left at home.

Few mothers, however, of the class to which I refer, have the heart to leave their bairns at home. They can not, like the squaws, hang their papooses up in baskets from the roofs of the wigwams, or, like the women of the South-sea Islands, sling their infants up to the boughs of trees while they go about their work. The American or the British baby is not a primitive person, and if it is not punctually attended to, soon lets everybody in the neighborhood into the secret. The papoose may suffer and be strong, but that is only because the papoose sees no chance of advantage from protest. The Feejee piccaninny also may acquiesce in its abnormal hammock from a philosophic sense of necessity. But the Baby of Freedom fully understands that he is the result of natural selection, that he survives because he is the fittest, and that he is "the heir of all the ages in the foremost files of time." He sees, moreover, that parents, servants, and visitors fully recognize these important facts, and so, wielding the sceptre while he may, he rules the household with a rod of iron. If he does not wish to be put down, somebody has to hold him, and as he will not lie quietly alone, somebody has to carry him about. An opportunity for a holiday presents itself to the parents, but the baby has no intention of being overlooked. The mother must either take the infant with her or leave it at home to choke, and, to her credit be it said, she generally adopts the former alternative. And what a weary strain the precious burden becomes before the evening's enjoyment is over! It is of no use for the father to offer to hold it. The baby detects the irregularity at once. Equally futile is it to talk of "putting the baby down," for it refuses to be treated like a parcel or a riot. The little creature is inexorable, selecting always the moments of greatest discomfort to increase embarrassment by its complaints, or the instant when silence would be more than golden to lift up its voice in remonstrance. In the long-run it has its way, for if the mother intends to be happy herself, she must see that the baby is satisfied with its circumstances; and so, under the honorable terms of a mutual respect, both mother and child manage somehow to "have a good time" together.

PHIL. ROBINSON.

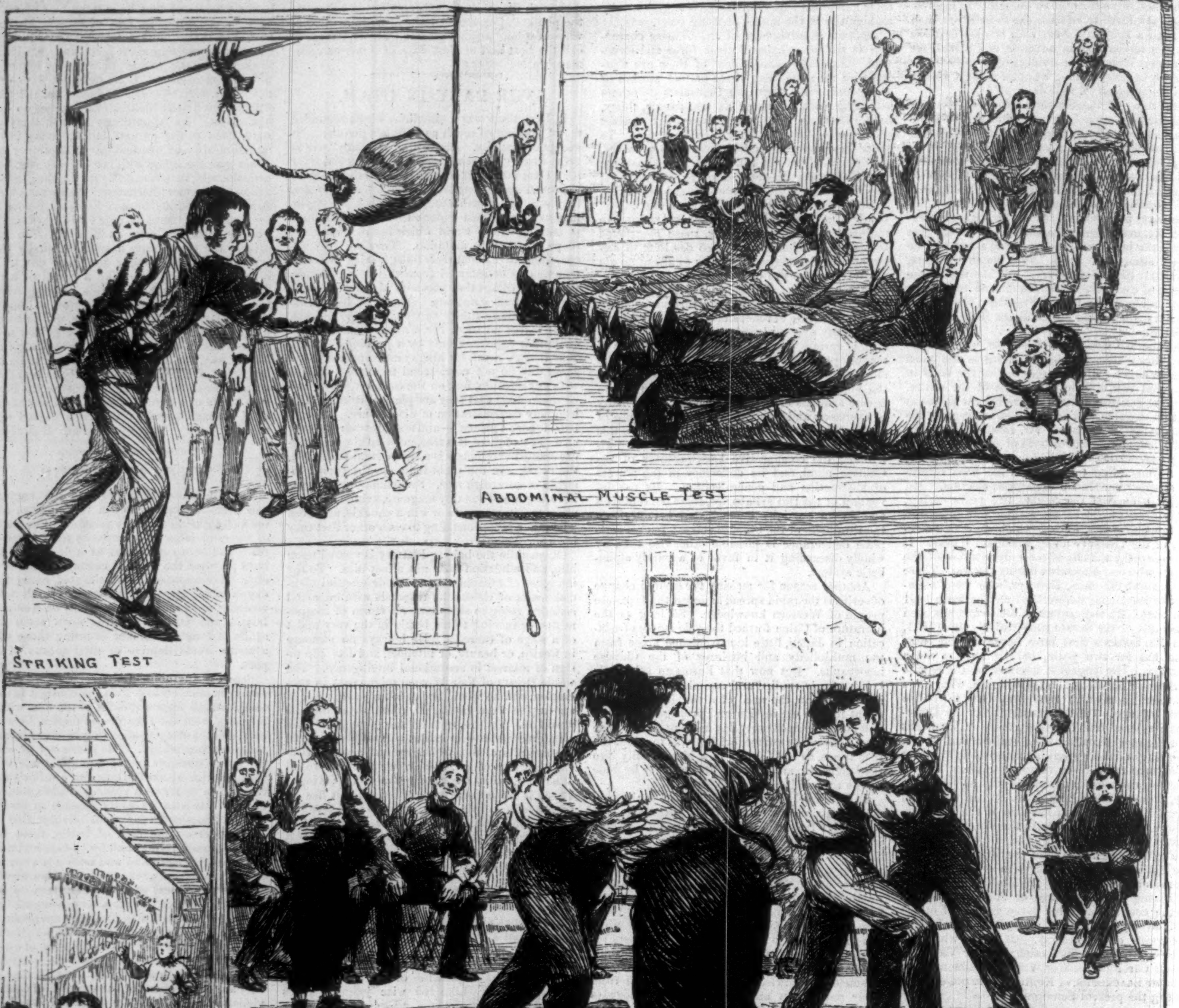
PETER M. ARTHUR.

THE application last week of the engineers and firemen employed upon the elevated roads for a re-adjustment of the schedule of wages and of hours of labor in accordance with which the roads had been run seemed for a day or two likely to paralyze the internal communication of the city. A stoppage of the elevated roads for a day would, directly or indirectly, entail inconvenience upon almost every family on Manhattan Island, and positive distress upon some thousands of families, without counting those whom a strike would deprive of their means of support.

Scarcely anything in the economy of modern society is more curious than the contrast between the enormous responsibilities of the men who are intrusted with the lives of passengers, by sea or land, and the compensation they receive for taking those responsibilities. The command of one of the great steamers in the Atlantic trade is the highest prize within the scope of a sailor's ambition. The sailor who reaches it finds hundreds of lives intrusted on every passage to his skill, watchfulness, and resolution. Except that of a commander on the field of battle, there is no situation more trying than his in dark and doubtful weather, when mind and body are kept upon the rack of anxiety sometimes for days together. Yet his pay is less than what is given on shore for services which require a very moderate outfit, in comparison with his, of skill, experience, and courage, and the responsibilities of which do not involve human lives. The engineers of railway trains do not receive the highest wages of skilled labor, although in addition to the skill they need they are called upon for the exercise of continual vigilance, and often of prompt and sound judgment, under the heaviest of all possible penalties.

These considerations no doubt had much to do with the general expression of sympathy in the application of the engineers for shorter hours and higher wages. This feeling was freely expressed even by those who do not commonly take the side of the employed in any labor dispute. But however much of it may have been due to the popular estimate of the merits of the case, much was certainly due to the admirable prudence, moderation, and good judgment shown by the representatives of the dissatisfied engineers, and indeed by the whole body. Mr. PETER M. ARTHUR, Grand Chief of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, whose portrait is given in this issue, was sent for from his home in Cleveland as soon as the grievances of the engineers had been formulated, and it seemed doubtful whether the companies would concede the changes the engineers demanded. This was done in accordance with a wise rule of the Brotherhood, by which a local branch or "division" is not allowed to go on strike until the strike is sanctioned by the Grand Chief, whose judgment has not been disturbed by local and personal animosities. It at once became evident, as indeed it had often been shown in like cases before, that Mr. ARTHUR was precisely the man for this function. Although he decided that the demands of the engineers were upon the whole reasonable, he deprecated all violence of speech and all spitefulness of procedure. In a speech to the men while the dispute was pending, and while it was uncertain what the companies would do, he counselled them that they should not throw up their situations if all their demands were not granted in the form in which they were put, and reminded them that only in one or two cases in his experience had dissatisfied engineers "got all they wanted," though in very few cases had they failed to better their condition. The result of his temperate and conciliatory mediation was that there was no strike, that the day's work of the engineers was shortened to nine hours, and that the other points in dispute were decided in their favor.

The Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers was founded in 1863 by a few engineers with the purpose of making it a benevolent society. In the intervening time it has become the most powerful and perhaps the most intelligent trades-union in the country; and its power has been very greatly increased during the past few years while Mr. ARTHUR has been at its head, and has exerted himself, almost always with success, to secure a fair and peaceable settlement of disputes.



CIVIL SERVICE EXAMINATION FOR THE NEW YORK POLICE.—Drawn by W. P. Snyder.—[See Page 46.]

JOSHUA B. LIPPINCOTT.

The death of Mr. Joshua B. Lippincott, which occurred at Philadelphia on the morning of the 5th inst., has removed from that city one of its best-known and most highly respected inhabitants, and by his death another distinguished name is added to the long list of those who have died within a twelvemonth. For more than half a century the firm of Lippincott & Co. has been identified with the book-publishing interests of the country. Mr. J. B. Lippincott was the founder of this firm. He was a New-Jerseyman by birth, having been born of Quaker parents at Burlington, New Jersey, seventy-four years ago. Having received an ordinary common-school education, he obtained employment in a bookstore at Philadelphia, arriving at that city in 1827. Two years later, when only eighteen years of age, he was placed in full charge of the establishment. His aptitude for the business in which he had chosen to engage was apparent from the outset, and in less than ten years after the arrival of this country lad in Philadelphia he was at the head of the publishing firm of J. B. Lippincott & Co., which firm has existed continuously ever since. In 1850, by the purchase of the entire stock of the long-established house of Grigg & Elliott, Mr. Lippincott placed his firm at the head of the book trade in Philadelphia. Their establishment was then at the corner of Fourth and Race streets—an almost historical stand, inasmuch as it was there, or close by, that Benjamin Johnson founded the book business toward the close of the last century, being succeeded by Benjamin Warner, who in turn gave up to John Grigg and Hugh Elliott. The purchase by Lippincott & Co. of Grigg & Elliott's establishment was regarded at the time as a transaction of unparalleled magnitude, for although the stock would not perhaps to-day be considered large, it involved the investment of what was in those days a very considerable sum of money.

Under the personal management of Mr. Lippincott the business grew rapidly. At first the Lippincott publications were confined to Bibles and Prayer-books, which were gotten up with an elaborate and artistic external finish, and in which line the house did a heavy trade. Gradually the field was extended and other departments established, until to-day the publications of J. B. Lippincott & Co. embrace thousands of titles.

The growth of the business, which kept even pace with the growth of Philadelphia, compelled the firm to seek larger quarters, and, after one intermediate move, the present spacious building on Market Street was erected.

Lippincott's Magazine was first established in 1868, with Mr. Lloyd Smith as its editor. Several other periodicals have from time to time been put forward by this house. In all these ventures Mr. J. B. Lippincott was the controlling figure. His devotion to his work in all its details was constant and untiring. He was a man of large capacity and great energy, and at all times a thorough Philadelphian. He was for many years a director of the Reading Railroad, and was also a director of the Philadelphia Saving Fund, the Academy of Fine Arts, and the Union League, and a trustee of the University of Pennsylvania.

His death was due to Bright's disease, complicated by an affection of the heart, and superinduced by a severe attack of pneumonia, which prostrated him about two years ago. He had been confined to his bed for about a month. He leaves an estate estimated in the millions.

JOSHUA B. LIPPINCOTT.—Photographed by F. Gutekunst, Philadelphia.

"BANKING UP" FOR WINTER.

It is said that there are portions of this globe, noticeably in the neighborhood of the north pole, that are colder in the winter season than the Territory of Dakota; but it would at times be a difficult matter to convince the residents of Dakota that such is the case. When, as happens frequently, there steals over the plains of Dakota a frigid wave, so very frigid that you can

THE UNITED STATES DISPATCH-BOAT "DOLPHIN" OFF CAPE HATTERAS.—Drawn by J. O. Davidson.—[See Page 43.]

almost see it, speculation as to the relative degrees of cold ceases to be a matter of any profit, and when this extremely low temperature is accompanied by a gale of wind known in that locality as a "blizzard," life itself appears profitless. In view of these climatic freaks the residents of Dakota's airy plains have a sensible habit, at about the time cold weather is due, of very effectually weather-stripping their houses. The artist has furnished an interesting picture of this operation, which is as common on the Dakota plains as the addition of winter storm doors to country houses is in the East. Residences which meet all the requirements of summer life on the plains—little plain clap-boarded houses—would be about as comfortable during the winter season as a gauze shirt and a sun-umbrella in Greenland. Fortunately nature supplies an excellent variety of sod, and ere the days grow short in the autumn the prudent householder puts an overcoat of this material upon his dwelling. It is slightly damaging to the paint, and when it is removed in the spring-time the house is apt to have the appearance of having been swallowed by an earthquake and dug up again. But people who live on the plains do not, as a rule, care much for appearances.

REST AWHILE.

I WILL be still to-day and rest,
 I will be still and let life drift;
I am so tired that it is best
 Neither my hands nor eyes to lift.
I am so tired—it is no use,
 My will can not my need obey;
O Care, I ask a few hours' truce,
 I pray thee let me rest to-day.

And so, shut up in restful gloom,
 I let my hands drop listlessly;
Within my dim and silent room
 I would not move, or hear, or see.
Oblivion dropped on me her balm,
 I fell on slumber deep and sweet,
And when I woke was strong and calm,
 And full of rest from head to feet.

So, toiler in life's weary ways,
 Pity thyself, for thou must tire;
Both body, mind, and heart have days
 They can not answer their desire.
Birds in all seasons do not sing,
 Flowers have their time to bloom and fall;
There is not any living thing
 Can answer to a ceaseless call.

Sometimes, tired head, seek slumber deep;
 Tired hands, no burden try to lift;
Tired heart, thy watch let others keep,
 Pity thyself and let life drift.
A few hours' rest perchance may bring
 Relief from weariness and pain;
And thou from listless languors spring,
 And gladly lift thy work again.

SELECTING POLICEMEN.

IN a committee of the New York Civil Service Reform Association, of whom the State Commission had requested advice touching the application of the reform act to the police departments of cities, the question was raised as to what should be the requirements for applicants as to their physical condition. "A policeman," suggested one of the members, a prominent editor of this city, "ought at least to be able to run away from a thief." This standard of physical qualification does not seem an unreasonably high one, but as a matter of fact it is one with which a considerable number, if not the greater number, of the older members of the New York police could not comply. It is the opinion of one of the few trained athletes on the force that two out of three of the patrolmen now in the service could not run a quarter of a mile at the top of their speed—which would not be great—without being hopelessly "blown," if not completely broken down. One of the most striking and one of the most excellent features of the system of examinations provided under the civil service act of May 29, 1884, as applied to the police force, is that the physical condition and capacity of candidates for appointment must be thoroughly tested, and if the candidate fails in this test he is promptly rejected.

We give this week some illustrations of the manner in which these physical tests are made. They are by no means complex, but they are very effective. Of course a medical examination precedes every other. The ordinary investigation is made by the police surgeons, in order to detect any obvious defect in constitution or health. This has always been the case. But these examinations have not always been trustworthy, because the Commissioners have not always desired that they should be so. It was in evidence before the famous ROOSEVELT investigation committee in 1883 that a hint from a Commissioner, "the pull" of an applicant, had added enough to the applicant's weight or stature to bring him within the requirements of the rules, though the same tape measure and scales under the eyes of the same surgeons had previously disclosed a considerable deficiency. But under the reform system, honestly applied, the applicant, even if certified to be physically sound, has to stand his chances in an open competition, and favoritism would be of no avail.

After the applicants have secured the surgeon's certificate, they are brought in "classes" of convenient size into the exercising hall of an up-town gymnasium, where they are made to go through a variety of apparently simple exercises devised by the "Professor," and approved by Inspector BYRNES, of the police, Chief BONNER, of the Fire Department, and Mr. WOODMAN, secretary of the City Civil Service Board. They are asked, for instance, to lie down flat on their backs on the floor, clasping their hands over their heads, and then to rise to a sitting posture. It looks easy enough, as the "Professor" throws himself down and bobs up again to show them what is meant, but fully one-half the men fail to follow his example. They are also asked to raise dumb-bells of various weights with either hand; to raise a weight with a pulley; to grasp a horizontal bar a few inches beyond their reach and to raise their own weight slowly till their chins touch the bar as often as they can; to run a race of a quarter of a mile with a half-dozen competitors around the room. After each exercise the expert, under the direction of the Examining Board, takes notes of their success, and marks their attainment. By the time they have completed these and some other exercises they have given a very good idea of their bodily capacity. The percentage of those who fail to pass this ordeal varies, but it is always sufficient to show that the service is very effectively protected by its results.

These processes of sifting, it must be remembered, are altogether preliminary. They bring the applicant only to the threshold of a competition in other qualifications. It will be readily seen that they are very important, and that they are a great improvement on the mere surgeon's examination, even supposing this to be as thorough as it can be made. There is another preliminary requirement now insisted on more carefully than under the old system, though still capable of a good deal of development. This is the examination as to character and previous experience. Every applicant must furnish the certificate of three citizens that he is of good character, and these must be given, preferably, by his employers. These are investigated by officers of the department. The signers of the certificates are also required to state their willingness to give any further information asked for, and to have their names made public. And the examiners may take such other steps as they find proper to ascertain the applicant's character and antecedents. If he is found to have had experience specially fitting him for police work, he is given the benefit of it in his marking.

After the physical examination, in which the applicant must attain a fair marking in order to get any further, and in which his marks above the minimum are passed to his credit in subsequent competition, there is a further examination, strictly competitive, relating almost exclusively to natural or acquired aptitude for police service. The questions in this examination are prepared by Inspector BYRNES, and they are very searching. It is worthy of note that this experienced officer subjects applicants to a series of inquiries far more rigid and minute than any one outside the department would have ventured to prepare. The applicant is given a certain number of selected extracts from the rules and regulations governing the conduct of patrolmen, and is allowed a reasonable time to study them. He is then questioned in detail regarding his understanding of them, and as to how he would act in trying to carry them out. He is also questioned closely as to his knowledge of the streets of the city, the situation of public ways and places, such as railway stations, ferries, courts, the lines of street railways, etc. Beyond these questions attention is paid only to his knowledge of writing and reading, and the simpler rules of arithmetic, such as he would be required to use in actual service.

These examinations have as their chief and essential value the fact that they are competitive, and the competition practically shuts out political favoritism. Even where the Commissioners are disposed to prefer one man over others, they can do nothing for him but send him before the examiners to submit to the physical and other tests. Were the examinations merely "pass" examinations—that is to say, if any man might be appointed who reached a certain minimum grade—the Commissioners could easily select their favorites. But they can not do this. They must make their appointments from those standing highest as the result of competition, and they have no means of telling who these will be. Honestly and intelligently applied, as we believe it is at present, the competitive system is practically a complete bar to the corrupt and enervating influence of politics on the police force, and a very efficient means of promoting the selection of the best men. The tenure of the police is for good behavior, with the certainty of a fair pension if disabled in the service. The pay is high, and the position is an honorable one. With a system of appointment for merit, fairly tested, there is no reason why the force in New York should not ultimately become what it has sometimes in derision been called, "the finest in the world."

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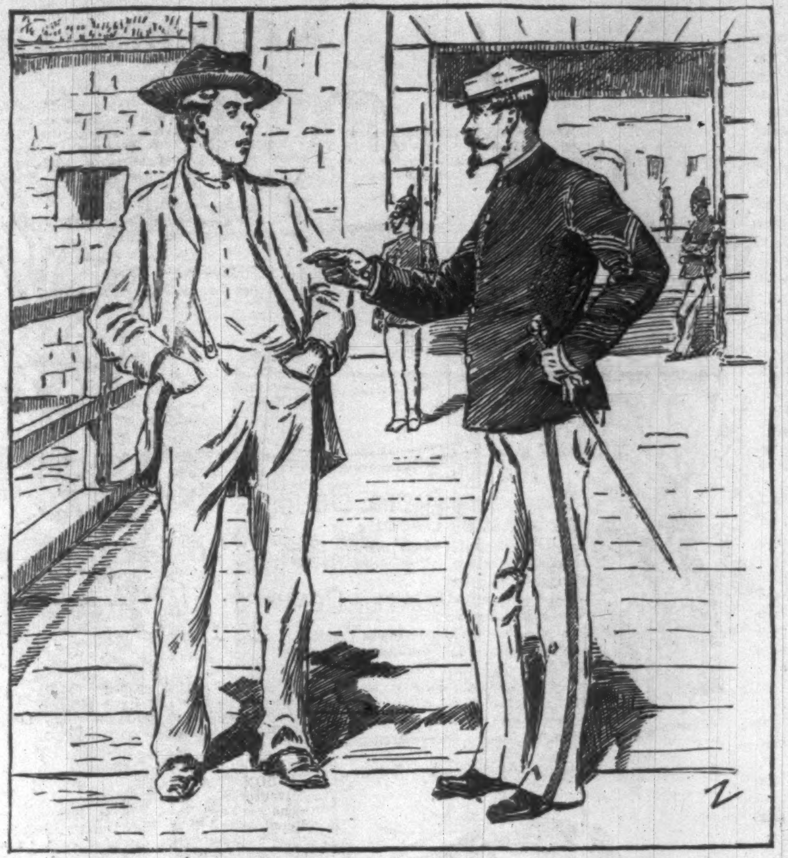

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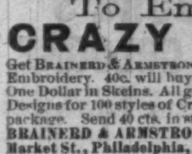

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